KING HENRY THE FOURTH

PART I

EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE

KING HENRY IV

SHAKESPEARE'S

HISTORY OF

KING HENRY THE FOURTH

PART I.

EDITED, WITH NOTES

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HENRY IV. PART I.

W. P. I

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PREFATORY NOTE

This play, first edited by me in 1880, is now thoroughly revised on the same general plan as *The Merchant of Venice* and the other plays that have preceded it in the new series.

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THE BOAR'S HEAD

HENRY OF MONMOUTH

INTRODUCTION TO THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

The *First Part of King Henry the Fourth* was probably written at about the same time as *The Merchant of Venice;* or, as the editors almost unanimously decide, in 1596 or 1597. It was entered on the Stationers' Registers on the 25th of February, 1597–98 as "a booke intituled The historye of Henry the iiijth with his battaile of Shrewsburye against Henry Hottspurre of the Northe with the conceipted mirthe of Sir John ffalstoff"; and a quarto edition was printed in 1598, with the following title page: —

The | History of | Henrie the Fovrth; | With the battell at Shrewsburie, | *betweene the King and Lord* | Henry Percy, surnamed | Henrie Hotspur of | the North. | *With the humorous conceits of Sir* | John Falstalffe. | AT LONDON, | Printed by *P. S.* for *Andrew Wise*, dwelling | in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of | the Angell. 1598.

A second quarto was brought out in 1599, followed by others in 1604, 1608, and 1613. Each of these appears to have been printed from its predecessor; and a partially corrected copy of the last in the series seems to have furnished the text of the play for the folio of 1623. Subsequent editions in quarto were printed in 1622 (probably too late for the folio editors), 1632, and 1639.

In the *Palladis Tamia*, or *Wits Treasury*, by Francis Meres, published in 1598, 1 *Henry IV* is one of the twelve plays of Shakespeare enumerated in a famous passage which may be appropriately quoted here: —

"As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Euripedes*, *Aeschilus*, *Sophocles*, *Pindarus*, *Phocylides* and *Aristophanes;* and the Latine tongue by *Virgil*, *Ouid*, *Horace*, *Silius Italicus*, *Lucanus*, *Lucretius*, *Ausonius* and *Claudianus:* so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeouslie inuested in rare ornaments and resplendent abiliments by sir *Philip Sidney*, *Spencer*, *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Warner*, *Shakespeare*, *Marlow* and *Chapman*.

"As the soule of *Euphorbus* was thought to liue in *Pythagorus:* so the sweete wittie soule of *Ouid* liues in

mellifluous & hony-tongued *Shakespeare*, witnes his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his priuate friends, &c.

"As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines: so *Shakespeare* among y^e^ English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Loue labors lost*, his *Loue labours wonne*, his *Midsummers night dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice:* for Tragedy his *Richard the* 2. *Richard the* 3. *Henry the* 4. *King Iohn*, *Titus Andronicus* and his *Romeo* and *Iuliet*.

"As *Epius Stolo* said, that the Muses would speake with *Plautus* tongue, if they would speak Latin: so I say that the Muses would speak with *Shakespeares* fine filed phrase, if they would speake English."

This is the earliest mention of the play that has been discovered.

The Sources of the Plot

The historical materials of the play, as of 2 *Henry IV* and *Henry V*, were drawn from Holinshed's *Chronicles* and from the old play of *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*. A Sir John Oldcastle appears in the latter as one of Prince Henry's wild companions. That the poet adopted the name is evident from allusions of subsequent writers, from the circumstance that in the first (1600) quarto edition of 2 *Henry IV* the prefix "*Old.*" is found before one of Falstaff's speeches, and from Henry's call-

ing the knight "my old lad of the castle" (i. 2. 38). In 2 *Henry IV* (iii. 2. 28), moreover, Falstaff is said to have been "page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk," which the historical Oldcastle actually was. This Oldcastle is better known as Lord Cobham, the Lollard martyr. Shakespeare changed the name because he did not wish to offend the Protestants nor to please the Roman Catholics. He refers to the alteration in the epilogue to 2 *Henry IV*, where after intimating that he may bring Falstaff on the stage again, where he "shall die of a sweat," he adds, for "Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."

Fuller alludes to the change in his *Church History*, 1655: "Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the Memory of S^r^. John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon Companion, a jovial Royster [*sic*], and yet a Coward to boot, contrary to the credit of all Chronicles, owning him a Martial man of merit. The best is, S^r^. John Falstaffe hath relieved the memory of S^r^. John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted Buffoone in his place."

General Comments on the Play

Of this play, and the others in the series, Verplanck[1] remarks: "With all sorts of readers and spectators this is

[1] From *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847). I make an exception to my rule in this revised edition of omitting the extended comments from other authors quoted in the former edition, because Verplanck's edition, having been destroyed by fire a few years after its publication, is out of print and not to be found in most of

the greatest favourite of the whole of Shakespeare's English histories, and, indeed, is perhaps the most popular of all dramatic compositions in the language. The popularity of this play has extended itself to the other histories with which it is connected, until it has made them all nearly as familiarly known as itself. It is probably owing quite as much to Falstaff and to Hotspur as to the several merits of the other histories — great as they are, though in very different degrees — that this whole dramatic series of histories have been mixed up with all our recollections and impressions of the Wars of York and Lancaster, and finally become substituted in the popular mind for all other history of the period. Thus it is to this play that the great majority of those at all familiar with old English history in its substantial reality, not as a meagre chronological abridgment of names and events, but exhibiting the men and deeds of the times, are indebted generally for their earliest and always their most vivid, impressive, and true conceptions of England's feudal ages. Of the ten plays of this historic series, 1 *Henry IV* is the most brilliant and various, and, therefore, the most attractive; while it is substantially as true as any of the rest in its historical instruction — although it is neither a dramatized chronicle in the old fashion, nor yet a strictly historical drama in the sense in which *Richard II* and *Julius Cæsar* are pre-eminently indebted to that appellation — as presenting only historical personages and great public

the libraries. It was the first thoroughly annotated American edition of Shakespeare, and is still one of the best, whether American or English.

events with the condensed effect and sustained feeling of dramatic unity and interest.

"As *King John* and *Antony and Cleopatra* exhibit the transition of the historic drama proper into the more poetic form of historic tragedy, so the two parts of *Henry IV.*, and especially this first part, which is a drama complete in itself, without its sequel, must be regarded as a splendid and varied historic tragi-comedy — historic in its personages and its spirit, yet blending the high heroic poetry of chivalry with the most original inventions of broad comic humour.

"The principal events of Henry the Fourth's reign are rapidly presented in this play and its sequel; so that we are made familiar with the king's cold policy and his talent, the rebellions against him and his triumphs over them. But all this is so presented as to be subservient to the main object of interest, and to conduce to that unity of effect which distinguishes a work of dramatic art from the chronicle or story thrown into dialogue. That main central interest is, of course, the remarkable story — now familiar to young and old through this play, and as familiar before it in the poet's times by traditional anecdote and by rude theatrical representation — of youthful Harry Monmouth's 'unyoked humours and loose behaviour,' and of his heroic 'reformation glittering o'er his fault,' when his noble nature emerged from its eclipse, no longer permitting —

'the base contagious clouds
To smother up its beauty from the world.'

'daff'd the world aside and bade it pass,' and when, to use old Holinshed's humbler prose, 'he passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous misorder with a sort of misgoverned mates and unthrifty play-feers.'

"On the other side of the varied and animated picture, Shakespeare has brought out the prince's heroic character by a bold and free paraphrase of his actual history, giving him a maturer age than he had in fact at the battle of Shrewsbury, and there making 'the child of honour and renown, the gallant Hotspur, that all-praised knight,' render 'all his glory up' to his youthful rival, 'the unthought-of Harry.' Hotspur, on the other hand, who is recorded by the chroniclers to have been of the same age with Henry the Fourth himself, is thrown back to the prince's own age with such admirable poetic and moral effect that he must be a very bigoted worshipper of chronological and biographical accuracy who can object to the alteration of the record. Percy, in the old historians, has little to distinguish him from the other warlike, brave, and turbulent barons described by Froissart and the chroniclers. His personal valour, his military activity, his resentment of the king's ingratitude, his rebellion and death, are all historical; but history gives us no more of him. The poet has placed him in a living and brilliant contrast to the other 'young Harry,' and made him the very Achilles of feudal chivalry. So striking and impressive are the individuality and life of the character that it has been suggested that the poet had the aid of traditionary knowledge to fill up the meagre outline of the chroni-

clers. It may be so; but I rather think that he drew the young baron from his personal observation of some of the more conspicuous men of that class, and has thus given us, if not the precise historical portrait of the very Harry Percy, a very true and living portrait of the higher minds of his class and order, under the influence of feudal manners and ideas, individualized by some personal peculiarities (such as the 'speaking thick' and many others), to aid in the dramatic illusion. Indeed, I have been recently struck with the strong resemblance of the dramatic Hotspur to the character of one of the poet's own contemporaries, Charles Gontaut-Biron, as it is given by the contemporary French writers. (See Capefigue's *Hist. de la Réf.*, 'Henri IV.') They describe him as the very counterpart of Hotspur in impetuous bluntness, unwearied activity of mind and body, courage, ambition, generosity, and even in horsemanship. Like his English counterpart, he had helped to elevate to the throne his own Henry the Fourth, who repaid him with ingratitude and death. The parallel is so perfect that I had almost thought that the poet had these contemporary circumstances in his mind; for, though occurring in another kingdom, they must have been well known as the familiar news of the times. Had this play been written a few years later, it would not be easy to refute the conjecture. But the judicial murder of Marshal Biron occurred in 1602, and this play had been printed four years before. I therefore mention this parallel, not only as a curious coincidence, but as confirming the wonderful general truth

of this strongly individualized character. Glendower and the other personages are also historic names embodied in forms of the poet's creation, and most true to the spirit of their age.

"Of the strictly historical personages of this first part, Henry the Fourth alone seems drawn entirely and scrupulously from historical authority; and his is a portrait rivalling, in truth and discrimination, the happiest delineations of Plutarch or of Tacitus. He is contrasted alike to the frailties and to the virtues of his son; his talent, and the dignity with which it invests his cold and crafty policy, the absence of all nobler sentiment from the sagacious worldly wisdom of his counsels and opinions, his gloom, melancholy, and anxiety — all combine to form a portrait of a great and unhappy statesman, as true and as characteristic, though not as dark, as Tacitus has left us of Tiberius.

"Thus has been produced a drama historical in the highest sense of the term, as being imbued throughout, penetrated, with the spirit of the times, and of the men and scenes it represents; while in a more popular sense of the epithet historical, it is so chiefly in its subjects and main incidents. Though boldly deviating from chronological exactness, and freely blending pure invention with recorded facts, yet in all this the author neither designs nor effects any real distortion of history; but, while he impresses upon the bare succession of events the unity of feeling and purpose required for dramatic interest, he converts the dead, cold record of past

occurrences into the very tragi-comedy which those occurrences must have exhibited as they arose, and thus reflects 'the very age and body of *those times*, their form and pressure.' "

KING HENRY IV

PART I

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.
John of Lancaster, }
Earl of Westmoreland.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester.
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York.
Archibald, Earl of Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir John Falstaff.
Sir Michael, a friend to the Archbishop of York.
Poins.
Gadshill.
Peto.
Bardolph.

Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.
Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.
Mistress Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

Scene: *England.*

GADSHILL

ACT I

SCENE I. *London. The Palace*

Enter KING HENRY, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces; those opposed eyes

Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies;
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 't is to tell you we will go;
Therefore we meet not now. — Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

Westmoreland. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news,
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,

Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered,
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done as may not be
Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

Westmoreland. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord,
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery
And shape of likelihood the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new-lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith;
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?
Westmoreland. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue,
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant,
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. — What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

Westmoreland. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him prune himself and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords,
But come yourself with speed to us again,
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

Westmoreland. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *London. An Apartment of the Prince's*

Enter the Prince of Wales *and* Falstaff

Falstaff. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falstaff. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wandering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace, — majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

Prince. What, none?

Falstaff. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Falstaff. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by,' and spent with crying 'Bring in'; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Falstaff. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Falstaff. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Falstaff. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Falstaff. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Falstaff. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old Father Antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Falstaff. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge!

Prince. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Falstaff. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps

with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Falstaff. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Falstaff. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? 81

Falstaff. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too. 91

Prince. Thou didst well; for Wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Falstaff. O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I

will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain! I 'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Falstaff. Zounds, where thou wilt, lad, I 'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee, — from praying to purse-taking!

Falstaff. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. —

Enter Poins

Poins! — Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. — O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. — What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester, I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Falstaff. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I 'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Falstaff. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Falstaff. There 's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I 'll be a madcap.

Falstaff. Why, that 's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I 'll tarry at home.

Falstaff. By the Lord, I 'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and

me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Falstaff. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit Falstaff.*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid. Yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved but we 'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 't is like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I 'll tie

them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I 'll go with thee. Provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I 'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;

But when they seldom come they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I 'll so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *London. The Palace*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, *with others*

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me, for accordingly
You tread upon my patience; but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Worcester. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it,

And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

Northumberland. My lord, —

King. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel we shall send for you. —
[*Exit Worcester.*
You were about to speak. [*To Northumberland.*

Northumberland. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty;
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hotspur. My liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

He gave his nose and took 't away again,
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there
Took it in snuff; and still he smil'd and talk'd,
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what, —
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds, — God save the mark! —
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report

Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.
Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest retold,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.
Hotspur. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. — My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son. —
Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*

Hotspur. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. — I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

Northumberland. What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile. —
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER

Hotspur. Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him!
Yea, on his part I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high in the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

Northumberland. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Worcester. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hotspur. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, than his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Worcester. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?

Northumberland. He was; I heard the proclamation.

And then it was when the unhappy king —
Whose wrongs in us God pardon! — did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition,
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd and shortly murthered.
Worcester. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.
Hotspur. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
Northumberland. He did; myself did hear it.
Hotspur. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murtherous subornation, — shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather —
O, pardon me that I descend so low
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king! —
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,

As both of you — God pardon it ! — have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke ?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent ?
No ; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say, —

Worcester. Peace, cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hotspur. If he fall in, good night ! or sink or swim.
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple ; O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare !

Northumberland. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hotspur. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities;
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!
Worcester. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend. —
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hotspur. I cry you mercy.
Worcester. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners, —
Hotspur. I 'll keep them all.
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them!
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
I 'll keep them, by this hand.
Worcester. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hotspur. Nay, I will; that 's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I 'll holla 'Mortimer!'
Nay, I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but 'Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Worcester. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hotspur. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.
Worcester. Farewell, kinsman; I 'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
Northumberland. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hotspur. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time, — what do ye call the place? —
A plague upon 't! — it is in Gloucestershire;
'T was where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York, — where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke, —
'Sblood! —
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.
Northumberland. At Berkeley castle.
Hotspur. You say true. —
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'
And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin,' —

O, the devil take such cozeners! — God forgive me! —
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
Worcester. Nay, if you have not, to it again;
We will stay your leisure.
Hotspur. I have done, i' faith.
Worcester. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland, which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. — You, my lord,
[*To Northumberland.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop —
Hotspur. Of York, is it not?
Worcester. True; — who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hotspur. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.
Northumberland. Before the game 's afoot, thou still lett'st slip.
Hotspur. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot. —

And then the power of Scotland and of York, —
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Worcester. And so they shall.

Hotspur. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Worcester. And 't is no little reason bids us speed
To save our heads by raising of a head,
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home;
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

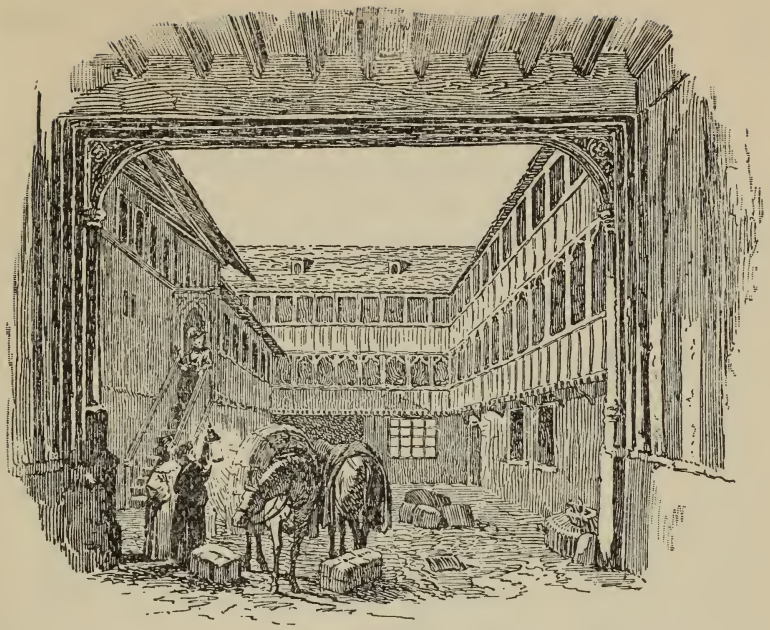
Hotspur. He does, he does; we 'll be reveng'd on him.

Worcester. Cousin, farewell. — No further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I 'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Northumberland. Farewell, good brother; we shall thrive, I trust.

Hotspur. Uncle, adieu; O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*



Ancient Inn Yard

ACT II

Scene I. *Rochester. An Inn Yard*

Enter a Carrier *with a lantern in his hand*

1 *Carrier.* Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I'll be hanged! Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. — What, ostler!

Ostler. [*Within*] Anon, anon.

1 *Carrier.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier

2 *Carrier.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots; this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

1 *Carrier.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Carrier.* I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas; I am stung like a tench.

1 *Carrier.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. — What, ostler! come away, and be hanged! come away.

2 *Carrier.* I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Carrier.* God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. — What, ostler! — A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 't were not as good deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. — Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill

Gadshill. Good morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock?

1 *Carrier.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gadshill. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Carrier.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gadshill. I prithee, lend me thine.

2 *Carrier.* Ay, when? canst tell? — Lend me thy lantern, quoth a' ? — marry, I 'll see thee hanged first.

Gadshill. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London? 41

2 *Carrier.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. — Come, neighbour Mugs, we 'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*

Gadshill. What, ho! chamberlain!

Chamberlain. [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gadshill. That 's even as fair as — at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou layest the plot how. 52

Enter Chamberlain

Chamberlain. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight; there 's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, — God knows what. They are up already and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently. 60

Gadshill. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I 'll give thee this neck.

Chamberlain. No, I 'll none of it; I prithee, keep that for the hangman, for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gadshill. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio-purple-hued malt-worms, but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray. And yet, zounds, I lie, for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Chamberlain. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gadshill. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Chamberlain. Nay, by my faith, I think you are

more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gadshill. Give me thy hand; thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Chamberlain. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gadshill. Go to; homo is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Highway, near Gadshill*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff

Falstaff. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Falstaff. Where 's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I 'll go seek him.

Falstaff. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his

company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I 'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. — Poins! — Hal! — a plague upon you both! — Bardolph! — Peto! — I 'll starve ere I 'll rob a foot further. An 't were not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! — A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Falstaff. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I 'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Falstaff. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Falstaff. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I 'll peach for this. An

I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison! When a jest is so forward, and afoot too, — I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO *with him*

Gadshill. Stand.

Falstaff. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 't is our setter; I know his voice.

Bardolph. What news?

Gadshill. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards. There 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

Falstaff. You lie, you rogue; 't is going to the king's tavern.

Gadshill. There 's enough to make us all.

Falstaff. To be hanged.

Prince. You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned and I will walk lower. If they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gadshill. Some eight or ten.

Falstaff. Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Falstaff. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Falstaff. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

Falstaff. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers

1 *Traveller.* Come, neighbour. The boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we 'll walk afoot awhile and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travellers. Jesu bless us!

Falstaff. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth. Down with them; fleece them.

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Falstaff. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? we 'll jurè ye, i 'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

Re-enter Prince Henry *and* Poins

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily

to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves *again*

Falstaff. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring; there 's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away (Falstaff after a blow or two), leaving the booty behind them.*

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.
The thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along;
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Warkworth Castle*

Enter Hotspur, *reading a letter*

Hotspur. '*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear*

your house.' He could be contented! why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house! he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. '*The purpose you undertake is dangerous;*'—why, that's certain: 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink, but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. '*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such

a dish of skim milk with so hon[illegible]rable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night. —

Enter Lady Percy

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady Percy. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream ;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these ?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hotspur. What, ho !

Enter Servant

Is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

Servant. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hotspur. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff ?

Servant. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hotspur. What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

Servant. It is, my lord.

Hotspur. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight. — O esperance ! —
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*

Lady Percy. But hear you, my lord.

Hotspur. What say'st thou, my lady ?

Lady Percy. What is it carries you away ?

Hotspur. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady Percy. Out, you mad-headed ape !
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I 'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise; but if you go, —
Hotspur. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady Percy. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I 'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hotspur. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips;
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. — God 's me, my horse! —
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?
Lady Percy. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Hotspur. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise
Than Harry Percy's wife; constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secrecy

No lady closer, for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady Percy. How! so far?

Hotspur. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady Percy. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap*

Enter the Prince *and* Poins

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat-room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation that, though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,— by the Lord, so they call me!— and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering they cry

'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than 'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome,' with this shrill addition, 'Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling 'Francis,' that his tale to me may be nothing but 'Anon.' Step aside and I 'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit Poins.*

Enter FRANCIS

Francis. Anon, anon, sir. — Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Francis. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Francis. O Lord, sir, I 'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Francis. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let me see — about Michaelmas next I shall be —

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Francis. Anon, sir. — Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis; for the sugar thou gavest me, — 't was a pennyworth, was 't not?

Francis. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Francis. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Francis. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

Francis. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink, for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully; in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? 79

[*Here they both call him; he stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner

Vintner. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. — [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. — [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter Poins

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what 's the issue? 91

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. —

Re-enter FRANCIS

What 's o'clock, Francis?

Francis. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she, 'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a trifle.' — I prithee, call in Falstaff; I 'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; FRANCIS *following with wine*

Poins. Welcome, Jack, where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead this life long, I 'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! — Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish

of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Falstaff. You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward! — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old; God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Falstaff. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I 'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what 's the matter?

Falstaff. Are not you a coward? answer me to that, — and Poins there?

Poins. Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I 'll stab thee.

Falstaff. I call thee coward! I 'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who

sees your back; call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Falstaff. All 's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What 's the matter?

Falstaff. What 's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Falstaff. Where is it! taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw — ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! — Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gadshill. We four set upon some dozen —

Falstaff. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gadshill. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gadshill. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Falstaff. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Falstaff. All! I know not what you call all, but if I fought not with fifty of them I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murthered some of them.

Falstaff. Nay, that 's past praying for. I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Falstaff. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Falstaff. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Falstaff. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Falstaff. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Falstaff. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince. So, two more already.

Falstaff. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Falstaff. Began to give me ground, but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Falstaff. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch, —

Falstaff. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff. What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were at the strappado or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I 'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, —

Falstaff. 'Sblood, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish, — O for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck, —

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let 's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Falstaff. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules, but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. — Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Falstaff. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess

Hostess. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Hostess. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you; he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Falstaff. What manner of man is he?

Hostess. An old man.

Falstaff. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? — Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Falstaff. Faith, and I 'll send him packing. [*Exit*

Prince. Now, sirs: by 'r lady, you fought fair; — so did you, Peto; — so did you, Bardolph. You are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie! 302

Bardolph. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like. 309

Bardolph. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bardolph. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations? 321

Prince. I do.

Bardolph. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bardolph. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. — How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Falstaff. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There 's villanous news abroad. Here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales that gave Amamon the bastinado and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook — what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Falstaff. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular, —

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Falstaff. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Falstaff. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him so for running!

Falstaff. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Falstaff. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. — But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horrible afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Falstaff. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Falstaff. Shall I? content; this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy

golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Falstaff. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Falstaff. And here is my speech. — Stand aside, nobility.

Hostess. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Falstaff. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hostess. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Falstaff. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hostess. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Falstaff. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. — Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me,

art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? — a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? — a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest, for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also; and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Falstaff. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

Falstaff. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely,

so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Falstaff. And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falstaff. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Falstaff. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false; nay,— I 'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falstaff. I would your grace would take me with you; whom means your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Falstaff. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Falstaff. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned; if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company. Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running*

Bardolph. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Falstaff. Out, ye rogue! — Play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess

Hostess. O Jesu, my lord, my lord! —

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What 's the matter?

Hostess. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Falstaff. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit; thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Falstaff. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras; — the rest walk up above. — Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Falstaff. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I 'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff. —

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*

Enter Sheriff *and the* Carrier

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sheriff. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sheriff. One of them is well known, my gracious lord, A gross fat man.

Carrier. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here,

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal;
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sheriff. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so. If he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sheriff. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sheriff. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let 's see what they be; read them.

Peto. [Reads]

Item, A capon, . . .	2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce, . . .	4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons, .	5*s.* 8*d.*
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, . . .	2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread, . . .	*ob.*

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we 'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I 'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I 'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto. [*Exeunt.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

BANGOR

ACT III

SCENE I. *Bangor. The Archdeacon's House*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER

Mortimer. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hotspur. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down? —
And uncle Worcester. — A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glendower. No, here it is. —
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur, —
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.

Hotspur. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glendower. I cannot blame him; at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets, and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hotspur. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

Glendower. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hotspur. And I say the earth was not of my mind
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glendower. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hotspur. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb, which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glendower. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hotspur. I think there 's no man speaks better Welsh. I 'll to dinner.

Mortimer. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glendower. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hotspur. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glendower. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hotspur. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth; tell truth and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I 'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil!

Mortimer. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.

Glendower. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hotspur. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glendower. Come, here 's the map; shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?

Mortimer. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd;
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; — and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days. —
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glendower. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hotspur. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I 'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glendower. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Mortimer. Yea, but mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Worcester. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,

And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hotspur. I 'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Glendower. I will not have it alter'd.

Hotspur. Will not you?

Glendower. No, nor you shall not.

Hotspur. Who shall say me nay?

Glendower. Why, that will I.

Hotspur. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.

Glendower. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court,
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hotspur. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glendower. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hotspur. I do not care; I 'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend,
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glendower. The moon shines fair; you may away by night.
I'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence;
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mortimer. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
Hotspur. I cannot choose; sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys; I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tir'd horse, a railing wife,
Worse than a smoky house! I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.
Mortimer. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion,

And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humour; faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Worcester. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—
And that 's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hotspur. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER *with the ladies*

Mortimer. This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glendower. My daughter weeps. She will not part with you;
She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars.

Mortimer. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh and she answers him in the same.*

Glendower. She is desperate here; a peevish self-willed harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon. [*The lady speaks in Welsh.*

Mortimer. I understand thy looks; that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in, and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that 's a feeling disputation;
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learned thy language, for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glendower. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

Mortimer. O, I am ignorance itself in this!

Glendower. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mortimer. With all my heart I 'll sit and hear her sing;
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glendower. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hotspur. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down; come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady Percy. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*

Hotspur. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh; And 't is no marvel he is so humorous.
By 'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady Percy. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hotspur. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady Percy. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hotspur. No.

Lady Percy. Then be still.

Hotspur. Neither; 't is a woman's fault.

Lady Percy. Now God help thee!

Hotspur. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*

Hotspur. Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.

Lady Percy. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hotspur. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife, — 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day' —
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady Percy. I will not sing.

Hotspur. 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I 'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glendower. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we 'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mortimer. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *London. The Palace*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, *and others*

King. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference. But be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you. —
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He 'll breed revengement and a scourge for me,
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal;
Yet such extenuation let me beg
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,

By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children 'This is he';
Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,

Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt, carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative,
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes,
But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face and render'd such aspect

As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou,
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation; not an eye
But is aweary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more,
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg,
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so, you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favour in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,

This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here,
The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance;
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein. —

Enter BLUNT

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.

A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old. —
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth; and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire, by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business; let 's away.
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern*

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph

Falstaff. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I 'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bardolph. Sir John, you are so fretful you cannot live long.

Falstaff. Why, there is it; come sing me a song, make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be, virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bardolph. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Falstaff. Do thou amend thy face, and I 'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, — but 't is in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bardolph. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Falstaff. No, I 'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori. I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be 'By this fire, that 's God's angel'; but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis-fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there 's no purchase in

money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bardolph. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Falstaff. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned. —

Enter Hostess

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Hostess. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant; the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Falstaff. Ye lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair, and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Hostess. Who, I? no; I defy thee. God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before.

Falstaff. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hostess. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John; you owe me money,

Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Falstaff. Dowlas, filthy dowlas; I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Hostess. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Falstaff. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Hostess. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Falstaff. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Hostess. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Falstaff. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; 'sblood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so. —

Enter the Prince *and* Peto, *marching, and* Falstaff *meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bardolph. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hostess. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Hostess. Good my lord, hear me.

Falstaff. Prithee, let her alone and list to me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Falstaff. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked. This house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Falstaff. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hostess. So I told him, my lord, and I said I heard your grace say so; and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Hostess. There 's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Falstaff. There 's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune, nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hostess. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falstaff. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Hostess. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Falstaff. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hostess. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou? 130

Falstaff. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Falstaff. Why, she 's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hostess. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Hostess. So he doth you, my lord, and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound. 141

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falstaff. A thousand pound, Hal! a million; thy love is worth a million, thou owest me thy love.

Hostess. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Falstaff. Did I, Bardolph?

Bardolph. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Falstaff. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 't is copper; darest thou be as good as thy word now? 151

Falstaff. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but

man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Falstaff. The king himself is to be feared as the lion; dost thou think I 'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there 's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain; and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

Falstaff. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Falstaff. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests. Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest I am pacified. — Still? Nay, prithee, be gone. — [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the

news at court; for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee; the money is paid back again.

Falstaff. O, I do not like that paying back; 't is a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

Falstaff. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands, too.

Bardolph. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Falstaff. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bardolph. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. — [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. — [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple Hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower lie. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. Rare words! brave world! — Hostess, my breakfast, come! —
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

YORK

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS

Hotspur. Well said, my noble Scot; if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers, but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Douglas. Thou art the king of honour; 10
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Hotspur. Do so, and 't is well. —

Enter a Messenger *with letters.*

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.

Messenger. These letters come from your father.

Hotspur. Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

Messenger. He cannot come, my lord ; he is grievous sick.

Hotspur. Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?
Under whose government come they along ?

Messenger. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Worcester. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed ?

Messenger. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Worcester. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited ;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hotspur. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise ;
'T is catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here that inward sickness —
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us ;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Worcester. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hotspur. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off!
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. — Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Douglas. Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion.
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in;
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hotspur. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Worcester. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division. It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence.
And think how such an apprehension

May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hotspur. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against a kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Douglas. As heart can think; there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon

Hotspur. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Vernon. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

Hotspur. No harm; what more?

Vernon. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,

Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hotspur. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside
And bid it pass?
Vernon. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind;
Baited like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hotspur. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come.
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them;
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh

And yet not ours. — Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales;
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!

Vernon. There is more news;
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Douglas. That 's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Worcester. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hotspur. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Vernon. To thirty thousand.

Hotspur. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily.
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Douglas. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Public Road near Coventry*

Enter Falstaff *and* Bardolph

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we 'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

Bardolph. Will you give me money, captain?

Falstaff. Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph. This bottle makes an angel.

Falstaff. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I 'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at town's end.

Bardolph. I will, captain; farewell. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good house-holders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient; and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their

services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I 'll not march through Coventry with them, that 's flat! nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There 's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that 's all one; they 'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the PRINCE *and* WESTMORELAND

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Falstaff. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? — My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

Westmoreland. Faith, Sir John, 't is more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Falstaff. Tut! never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Falstaff. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Falstaff. Tut, tut! good enough to toss, food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men!

Westmoreland. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly. 69

Falstaff. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I 'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Falstaff. What, is the king encamped?

Westmoreland. He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Falstaff. Well, 78

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, *and* Vernon

Hotspur. We 'll fight with him to-night.

Worcester. It may not be.

Douglas. You give him then advantage.

Vernon. Not a whit.
Hotspur. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Vernon. So do we.
Hotspur. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Worcester. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.
Vernon. Do not, my lord.
Douglas. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.
Vernon. Do me no slander, Douglas; by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives.
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Douglas. Yea, or to-night.
Vernon. Content.
Hotspur. To-night, say I.
Vernon. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.
Hotspur. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low;

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Worcester. The number of the king exceedeth ours;
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter Sir Walter Blunt

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hotspur. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hotspur. The king is kind ; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears ;
And when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore ;
And when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and to beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg ;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,

Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for,
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut! I came not to hear this.

Hotspur. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king, to be engag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety, and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hotspur. Not so, Sir Walter; we 'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king, and let there be impawn'd

Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hotspur. And may be so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you do.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *York. The Archbishop's Palace*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK *and* SIR MICHAEL

Archbishop. Hie, good Sir Michael, bear this sealed brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir Michael. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.
Archbishop. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raised power
Meets with Lord Harry; and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendowér's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,

And comes not in, over-rul'd by prophecies, —
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Sir Michael. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
Archbishop. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir Michael. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Archbishop. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt,
And many moe corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir Michael. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.
Archbishop. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear,
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed;
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him.
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

PRINCE HAL AND FALSTAFF

ACT V

SCENE I. *The King's Camp near Shrewsbury*

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT *and* FALSTAFF

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. —
[*The trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON

How now, my Lord of Worcester ! 't is not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel ;
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it ? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?
Worcester. Hear me, my liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours ; for I do protest
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You have not sought it ! how comes it, then?
Falstaff. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prince. Peace, chewet, peace !
Worcester. It pleas'd your majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house ;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time, and posted day and night

To meet you on the way and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fallen right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster;
To this we swore our aid. But in short space
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead;—
And from this swarm of fair advantag
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,
And being fed by us you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow, — did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing, but with nimble wing

We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation;
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause,
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for his encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy; by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,

I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty —
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. — No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part,
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I 'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do; but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply.
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and Falstaff.*

Falstaff. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so; 't is a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Falstaff. I would 't were bedtime, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. 'T is not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 't is no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no; or an arm? no; or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I 'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *The Rebel Camp*

Enter Worcester *and* Vernon

Worcester. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.

Vernon. 'T were best he did.

Worcester. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults.
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Vernon. Deliver what you will; I 'll say 't is so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS

Hotspur. My uncle is return'd;
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland. —
Uncle, what news?

Worcester. The king will bid you battle presently.
Douglas. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.
Hotspur. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Douglas. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*
Worcester. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hotspur. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Worcester. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS

Douglas. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Worcester. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hotspur. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
Vernon. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,

Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.
Hotspur. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy. —
Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger

Messenger. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hotspur. I cannot read them now. —
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,

If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger

Messenger. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hotspur. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this —
Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance! Percy! and set on. —
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

Scene III. *Plain between the Camps*

The King *enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter* Douglas *and* Sir Walter Blunt

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Douglas. Know, then, my name is Douglas;

And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Douglas. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him; so shall it thee
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight. Douglas kills Blunt.*

Enter HOTSPUR

Hotspur. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Douglas. All 's done, all 's won; here breathless lies the king.

Hotspur. Where?

Douglas. Here.

Hotspur. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well.
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Douglas. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear;
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hotspur. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Douglas. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I 'll murther all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hotspur. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, *solus*

Falstaff. Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here 's no scoring but upon the pate. — Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt. — There 's honour for you! here 's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too; God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. — I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered; there 's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the PRINCE

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword;
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. Prithee, lend me thy sword.

Falstaff. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Falstaff. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive,

thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Falstaff. Ay, Hal, 't is hot, 't is hot; there 's that will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*

Falstaff. Well, if Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath. Give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there 's an end. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *Another Part of the Field*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the King, *the* Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, *and* Westmoreland

King. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much. —
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lancaster. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so. —
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

Westmoreland. Come, my lord, I 'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help;
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lancaster. We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*

Prince. By God, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now I do respect thee as my soul.

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Enter Douglas

Douglas. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them; what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

King. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys

Seek Percy and thyself about the field,
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Douglas. I fear thou art another counterfeit,
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king;
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.*

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but he means to pay. —

[*They fight; Douglas flies.*

Cheerly, my lord! how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I 'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

Prince. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

King. Make up to Clifton; I 'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR

Hotspur. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hotspur. My name is Harry Percy.
Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more.
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
Hotspur. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!
Prince. I 'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I 'll crop, to make a garland for my head.
Hotspur. I can no longer brook thy vanities.
[*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF

Falstaff. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! — Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls*

Hotspur. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh.
But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue! — No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for — [*Dies.*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy; fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough; this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph! —
[*He spieth Falstaff on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. [*Rising up.*] Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I 'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow! 'Sblood! 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit. To die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I 'll make him sure; yea, and I 'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. — Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes up Hotspur on his back.*

Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lancaster. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. — Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears; thou art not what thou seem'st.

Falstaff. No, that's certain; I am not a double man, but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]. If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.

Falstaff. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I 'll take 't on my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh; if the man were alive and would deny it, zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lancaster. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. —
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back;
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I 'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. —
[*A retreat is sounded.*
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[*Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.*

Falstaff. I 'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I 'll grow less; for I 'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. [*Exit.*

Scene V. *Another Part of the Field*

The trumpets sound. Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, *and others, with* Worcester *and* Vernon *prisoners*

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. —
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary,
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour

If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Worcester. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;
Other offenders we will pause upon. —
[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*
How goes the field?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest,
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lancaster. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our power. —
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland

Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms. —
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

OWEN GLENDOWER

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY. — It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by the first line of the present play: "So shaken as we are, so wan with care."

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables (1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows: —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line; as in i. 1. 22: "Forthwith a power of English shall we levy." The rhythm is complete with the first syllable of *levy*, the second being an extra eleventh syllable. Other instances will be readily found.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable; as in i. 1. 2: "Find we a time for frighted peace to pant;" and 11: "All of one nature, of one substance bred." In both lines the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. In lines 17 and 37, it is shifted from the sixth to the fifth. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line; as in i. 1. 8, 13, and 14. In 8 the second syllable of *flowerets* is superfluous; in 13 the second syllable of *furious;* and in 14 that of *mutual*. In line 40 (a female line) the word *the* is superfluous.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse; as, for instance,

in lines 13 and 31. In 13 the last syllable of *butchery*, and in 31 that of *Westmoreland*, are metrically equivalent to accented syllables; and so with the third syllable of *yesternight* in 32 and of *Mortimer* in 38, and the fourth of *Herefordshire* (the second being superfluous) in 39.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm: —

(*a*) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, in this play, i. 1. 34 ("My liege, this haste was hot in question") appears to have only nine syllables, but *question* is a trisyllable; and in i. 1. 44 ("Such beastly shameless transformation") the last word has metrically five syllables. Other instances of the kind in the play are *exception*, *patience*, *persuasion*, *motion*, *rebellion*, *division*, *soldier*, *submission*, *succession*, etc., for which see the notes. This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line.

(*b*) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare*, *fear*, *dear* (see on *dearly*, v. 1. 84), *fire*, *hair*, *hour*, *more* (see on iv. 3. 7), *your*, etc. If the word is repeated in a verse it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 20: "And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so," where either *yours* (preferably the first) is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(*c*) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between or after the consonants; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fiddl(e)er]; *All's Well*, iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [rememb(e)rance] be to you both!" etc. In v. 2. 33 of this play *Douglas* is thus made a trisyllable.

(*d*) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and

monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in v. 5. 43 of this play; *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *corpse* (see note on i. 1. 43), *balance*, *horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*), *princess*, *sense*, *marriage* (plural and possessive), *image*, etc. So with many adjectives in the superlative (like *cold'st*, *stern'st*, *kind'st*, *secret'st*, etc.), and certain other words.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of the *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *cónfine* (noun) and *confine*, *triumph* (verb) and *triúmph* (see note on v. 3. 15), *púrsue* and *pursúe*, *distinct* and *distinct*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct* (see on i. 1. 97 and iii. 2. 82), *impórtune*, *sepúlchre* (verb), *perséver* (never *persevére*), *perséverance*, *rheúmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there in the plays. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See i. 1. 55, 76, 108, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere in plays written after 1597 or 1598. In the present play there are only two lines (at the end of iv. 2).

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus,

in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Rich. II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in *Temp.* only two, and in *W. T.* none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes, and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration. In the present play, out of about 1560 ten-syllable verses, only eighty are in rhyme.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. In *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.*, we also find a few lines, but none at all in this and subsequent plays.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags" are often found at the end of scenes; as in 9 of the 19 scenes of the present play. In *Ham.* 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macb.* 21 out of 28, have such "tags;" but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. In *Temp.*, for instance, there is but one, and in *W. T.* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles *in verse* is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *commenc'd*, line 4, and *prov'd*, line 86, of the first scene. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *opposed*, line 9, and *approved*, line 54, where the words are trisyllables. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, *sue*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely, if ever, made a separate syllable.

Shakespeare's Use of Verbs and Prose in the Plays. — This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. In this play we find scenes entirely in verse or in prose, and others in which the two are mixed. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar

and playful way; but in *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry. We have a similar change in the first scene of *J. C.*, where, after the quibbling "chaff" of the mechanics about their trades, the mention of Pompey reminds the Tribune of their plebeian fickleness, and his scorn and indignation flame out in most eloquent verse. In the present play, note the change from prose to verse in the soliloquy of the Prince (i. 2) after his companions have gone; and also in his talk with the Sheriff in the latter part of ii. 4, and the return to prose after the Sheriff has left.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in these instances. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said

to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

Some Books for Teachers and Students. — A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of the plays (encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakspere: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds., some with the title, *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and his Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Mabie's *William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* (1877; small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896; treating of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

Black's *Judith Shakespeare* (1884; a novel, but a careful study of the scene and the time) is a book that I always commend to young people, and their elders will also enjoy it. The Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare* is a classic for beginners in the study of the dramatist; and in Rolfe's ed. the plan of the authors is carried out in the Notes by copious illustrative quotations from the plays. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* (several eds.) will particularly interest girls; and both girls and boys will find Bennett's *Master Skylark* (1897) and Imogen Clark's *Will Shakespeare's Little Lad* (1897) equally entertaining and instructive.

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (2d ed. 1902) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (2d ed. 1903) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries; and W. H. Brassington's *Shakespeare's Homeland* (1903) deserves similar praise.

For the English historical plays, B. E. Warner's *English History in Shakespeare's Plays* (1894) will be good collateral reading, particularly in secondary schools.

Abbreviations in the Notes. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspere Society, etc.).

THE SOURCES OF THE PLAY IN HOLINSHED. — The following extracts from Holinshed's *History of England* (the spelling being modernized) comprise all the passages of any importance illustrative of the play: —

"Owen Glendower was son to an esquire of Wales. He was first set to study the laws of the realm, and became an utter[1] barrister, or an apprentice of the law (as they term him), and served King Richard at Flint Castle when he was taken by Henry duke of Lancaster; though other have written that he served this King Henry IV. before he came to attain the crown, in room of an esquire; and after, by reason of variance that rose betwixt him and the lord Reginald Grey of Ruthin, about the lands which he claimed to be his by right of inheritance, when he saw that he might not prevail, finding no such favour in his suit as he looked for, he first made war against the said lord Grey, wasting his lands and possessions with fire and sword. The king, advertised of such rebellious exploits enterprised by the said Owen and his unruly complices, determined to chastise them, and so with an army entered into Wales; but the Welshmen with their captain withdrew into the mountains of Snowdon.

"Owen Glendower, according to his accustomed manner, robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of Hereford to assemble against them under the conduct of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March. But, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortuned that the English power was discomfited, the earl taken prisoner, and about a thousand of his people slain. The shameful villany used by the Welsh women towards the dead carcasses was such as honest ears would be ashamed to hear, and continent tongues to speak thereof. The king was not hasty to purchase the deliverance of the earl of March, because his title to the crown was well enough known, and therefore suffered him to remain in miserable prison.

[1] Outer. Cf. *uttermost* (= outermost); also the verb *utter* (still used in legal language) = give out, or pay out.

"The king, to chastise the Welshmen, went with a great power of men into Wales to pursue the captain of the Welsh rebels, Owen Glendower; but Owen conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking-places; and (as was thought) through art magic he caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snow, and hail to be raised, for the avoidance of the king's army, that the like had not been heard of: in such sort that the king was constrained to return home.

"Archibald, earl Douglas, procured a commission to invade England, and that to his cost. For at a place called Homeldon they were so fiercely assailed by the Englishmen, under the leading of the lord Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur, and George, earl of March, that with violence of the English shot they were quite vanquished and put to flight. There were slain, of men of estimation, Sir John Swinton, Sir Adam Gordon, etc., and three-and-twenty knights, besides ten thousand of the commons; and, of prisoners, among other were these: Mordake earl of Fife, son to the governor, Archibald earl of Douglas,[1] Thomas earl of Murray, Robert earl of Angus, etc.

"Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, prisoner with Owen Glendower, whether for irksomeness of cruel captivity or fear of death, or for what other cause, it is uncertain, agreed to take part with Owen against the king of England, and took to wife the daughter of the said Owen. Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the nativity of this man; for the same night that he was born all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to the bellies.

"Henry, earl of Northumberland, with his brother Thomas, earl of Worcester, and his son, the lord Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, which were to King Henry, in the beginning of his reign,

[1] In Holinshed, the omission of a comma after the word *governor* led Shakespeare to call Mordake "eldest son to beaten Douglas." The governor or regent of Scotland (see just below) was Robert duke of Albany.

both faithful friends and earnest aiders, began now to envy his wealth and felicity; and especially they were grieved because the king demanded of the earl and his son such Scottish prisoners as were taken at Homeldon and Nesbit: for of all the captives which were taken in the conflicts fought in those two places, there was delivered to the king's possession only Mordake, earl of Fife, the duke of Albany's son, though the king did divers and sundry times require deliverance of the residue, and that with great threatenings: wherewith the Percies being sore offended, for that they claimed them as their own proper prisoners, and their peculiar prizes, by the counsel of the lord Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester, whose study was ever (as some write) to procure malice, and set things in a broil, came to the king unto Windsor (upon a purpose to prove him), and there required of him that, either by ransom or otherwise, he would cause to be delivered out of prison Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, their cousin german, whom (as they reported) Owen Glendower kept in filthy prison, shackled with irons, only for that he took his part, and was to him faithful and true. The king began not a little to muse at this request, and not without cause; for indeed it touched him somewhat near, sith this Edmund was son to Roger earl of March, which Edmund, at King Richard's going into Ireland, was proclaimed heir apparent to the crown, whose aunt, called Ellianor, the lord Henry Percy had married, and therefore King Henry could not well bear that any man should be earnest about the advancement of that lineage.

"The king, when he had studied on the matter, made answer, that the earl of March was not taken prisoner for his cause, nor in his service, but willingly suffered himself to be taken, because he would not withstand the attempts of Owen Glendower and his complices, therefore he would neither ransom him nor release him.

"The Percies with this answer and fraudulent excuse, were not a little fumed, insomuch that Henry Hotspur said openly: Behold,

the heir of the realm is robbed of his right, and yet the robber with his own will not redeem him. So in this fury the Percies departed, minding nothing more than to depose King Henry from the high type of his royalty, and to place in his seat their cousin Edmund, earl of March, whom they did not only deliver out of captivity, but also (to the high displeasure of King Henry) entered in league with the aforesaid Owen Glendower.

"Herewith they by their deputies, in the house of the archdeacon of Bangor, divided the realm amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to be made, and sealed with their seals; by the covenants whereof, all England from Severn and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the earl of March; all Wales, and the lands beyond Severn westward, were appointed to Owen Glendower; and all the remnant, from Trent northward, to the lord Percy. This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though King Henry was the moldwarp, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them.

"King Henry, not knowing of this confederacy, gathered a great army to go again into Wales, whereof the earl of Northumberland and his son were advertised by the earl of Worcester, and with all diligence raised all the power they could make, and sent to the Scots which before were taken prisoners at Homeldon, for aid of men, promising to the earl of Douglas the town of Berwick and a part of Northumberland, and to other Scottish lords great lordships and seigniories, if they obtained the upper hand. The Scots, in hope of gain, and desirous to be revenged of their old griefs, came to the earl with a great company well appointed.

"The Percies, to make their part seem good, devised certain articles, by the advice of Richard Scroope, archbishop of York, brother to the lord Scroope whom King Henry had caused to be beheaded at Bristow. These articles being showed to several noblemen, many of them did not only promise to the Percies aid and succour by words, but also by their writings and seals confirmed

the same. Howbeit, when the matter came to trial, the most part of the confederates abandoned them. The lord Henry Percy desirous to proceed in the enterprise, upon trust to be assisted by Owen Glendower, the earl of March, and other, assembled an army south of Cheshire and Wales. Incontinently his uncle, Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester, that had the government of the prince of Wales, who as then lay at London, in secret manner conveyed himself out of the prince's house, and coming to Stafford, where he met his nephew, they increased their power by all ways and means they could devise. The earl of Northumberland himself was not with them, but, being sick, had promised upon his amendment to repair unto them.

"King Henry, advertised of the proceedings of the Percies, forthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and passed forward with such speed that he was in sight of his enemies lying in camp near to Shrewsbury, before they were in doubt [apprehension] of any such thing.

"Now, when the two armies were encamped, the one against the other, the earl of Worcester and the lord Percy with their complices sent the articles (whereof I spake before) by esquires to King Henry, which in effect charged him with manifest perjury; in that (contrary to his oath received upon the evangelists at Doncaster, when he first entered the realm after his exile) he had taken upon him the crown and royal dignity, imprisoned King Richard, caused him to resign his title, and finally to be murdered. Divers other matters they laid to his charge, etc. King Henry after he had read their articles, with the defiance which they annexed to the same, answered the esquires that he was ready with dint of sword and fierce battle to prove their quarrel false.

"The next day, in the morning early, the abbot of Shrewsbury and one of the clerks of the privy seal were sent from the king unto the Percies, to offer them pardon if they would come to any reasonable agreement. By their persuasions the lord Henry Percy began to give ear unto the king's offers, and so sent with them his

uncle, the earl of Worcester, to declare unto the king the causes of those troubles, and to require some effectual reformation in the same.

"It was reported for a truth, that now when the king had condescended unto all that was reasonable at his hands to be required, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet for his estate, the earl of Worcester, upon his return to his nephew, made relation clean contrary to that the king had said, in such sort that he set his nephew's heart more in displeasure towards the king than ever it was before, driving him by that means to fight whether he would or not; then suddenly blew the trumpets; the king's part crying *St. George* upon them, the adversaries cried *Esperance Percy*, and so the two armies furiously joined.

"The prince that day holp his father like a lusty young gentleman; for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow so that divers noblemen that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to do, lest his departure from amongst his men might happily have stricken some fear into their hearts. At length the king crying *St. George, Victory*, brake the array of his enemies, and adventured so far that (as some write) the earl Douglas strake him down, and at that instant slew Sir Walter Blunt, and three others, apparelled in the king's suit and clothing: saying, I marvel to see so many kings thus suddenly arise, one in the neck of another. The king indeed was raised, and did that day many a noble feat of arms. The other on his part, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the lord Percy, called Sir Henry Hotspur. To conclude, the king's enemies were vanquished and put to flight; in which flight the earl of Douglas, for haste, falling from the crag of a high mountain, was taken, and, for his valiantness, of the king frankly and freely delivered. There were also taken the earl of Worcester, the procurer and setter forth of all this mischief, sir Richard Vernon, with divers other. The earl of Worcester, the baron of Kinderton and sir Richard Vernon, knights, were condemned and beheaded."

ACT I

SCENE I. — 1. The action of the play begins with the news of Hotspur's defeat of the Scots under Archibald, Earl of Douglas, at Holmedon (or Halidown-hill) on Holyrood Day, the 14th of September, 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury on the Eve of St. Mary Magdalen, the 21st of July, 1403.

In the folio the play is divided into acts and scenes, but not in the quartos.

2. *Find we*, etc. "That is, let us suffer peace to rest awhile without disturbance, that she may recover breath to propose new wars" (Johnson).

3. *Broils.* Battles or wars; sometimes used in a stronger sense than now. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 87: "feats of broil and battle," etc.

4. *Strands.* The early eds. have "stronds," an old spelling which is sometimes found where the rhyme shows that the pronunciation was *strand;* as in *T. of S.* i. 1. 175, where the folio reads —

> "That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
> When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond."

5. *The thirsty entrance of this soil*, etc. The dry surface of the earth personified, as Theobald explained it. The passage has been much discussed, and several attempts at emendation have been made. As Malone remarks, the poet probably had *Genesis*, iv. 2 in mind. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 15: "Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk;" and *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 30: —

> "Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
> Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood."

7. *Trenching war*, etc. Referring to works of entrenchment.

9. *Opposed eyes.* Of hostile armies.

14. *Well-beseeming.* "Well-seeming" (*M. for M.* iii. 1. 232 and *R. and J.* i. 1. 185). *Mutual* = combined, united; as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 77, etc.

22. *Power.* Force, army; used also in the plural in the same sense. Cf. iv. 1. 18, 132 below.

30. *Therefore we meet not now.* "Not on that account do we now meet" (Malone).

31. *Cousin.* Westmoreland was Henry's brother-in-law. *Cousin* is used of various relationships, and also by princes of nobles not related to them.

33. *This dear expedience.* This urgent expedition. For the poet's use of *dear*, cf. v. 5. 36 below: "With your dearest speed;" and see also iii. 2. 123 and v. 4. 95. For *expedience*, cf. *A. and C.* i. 2. 185: "The cause of our expedience," etc.

34. *Hot in question.* Earnestly or hotly discussed. *Question* is here a trisyllable.

35. *Limits of the charge.* Estimates of the expense, or the *bounds* within which it should be kept. For *charge*, cf. iii. 1. 111 below.

36. *All athwart.* Thwarting our plan. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 3. 30: —

> "The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
> Goes all decorum."

37. *Loaden.* Used by S. oftener than *laden.* Cf. *Cor.* v. 3. 164, *T. of A.* iii. 5. 50, etc.

38. *The noble Mortimer.* Sir Edmund Mortimer, son of Edmund, third Earl of March, and uncle to Edmund, the fifth Earl, who became heir to the throne on the death of Richard II. S. follows Holinshed in confusing these two Mortimers. It was the former one, not his nephew, who was defeated by Glendower at the battle of Pilleth, June 22, 1402, and afterwards married Glendower's daughter. His sister married Hotspur. Cf. i. 3. 142 below.

43. *Corpse.* Plural, like *horse* in ii. 1. 3 below, *sense* in *Sonn.* 112. 10, *balance* in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 255, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 192. *Misuse* = abuse. Cf. the verb in *M. W.* iv. 2. 105: "Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough." On this passage, cf. the extract from Holinshed, p. 155 above.

44. *Transformation.* Metrically five syllables.

50. *Uneven.* Embarrassing; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 121: "All is uneven," etc. See on 66 below.

52. *Holy-rood day*, September 14th; a festival in commemoration of the Exaltation of the Cross at the consecration of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. For *rood* = cross (chiefly used in oaths), cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 3, *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 77, iv. 4. 165, etc.

52. *Hotspur.* See on i. 3. 29 below.

53. *Archibald.* The Earl of Douglas. See extract from Holinshed, p. 156 above.

54. *Approved.* Proved, experienced; as often. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 394, iv. 1. 45, 303, etc.

55. *Holmedon.* Humbleton in Northumberland.

57. *Artillery.* The "shot" in Holinshed (p. 156 above) refers to *arrows*, not to guns; but S. may have made the change purposely. Cf. i. 3. 56 below.

58. *News.* Here made singular, though we find the plural *them* in the next line. Cf. iii. 2. 121 below: "these news." So we find *tidings* both singular and plural.

60. *Pride.* Highest pitch; as in *R. of L.* 705, *Macb.* ii. 4. 12, etc.

62. *True-industrious.* Truly active. The hyphen is not in the early eds., and some modern ones omit it. For *new-lighted* in the next line, cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 59.

64. *Stain'd*, etc. Henley remarks: "No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner [2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 25]: 'to stand stained with travel.'"

66. *Smooth and welcome.* Antithetical to the *uneven and unwelcome* of 50 above.

69. *Balk'd.* Heaped, piled up (Tollet and Schmidt). Warton says that *balk* = ridge is a common word in Warwickshire. Steevens quotes Chapman, trans. of *Shield of Achilles*:—

"Amongst all these all silent stood their king,
Upon a balk, his scepter in his hand."

71. *Mordake*, etc. He was not the son of Douglas, but of the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland. See p. 156 above.

73. *And Menteith.* A mistake of Holinshed in his *Hist. of England;* in that of *Scotland* he speaks of the *Earl of Fife and Menteith* as one and the same person (Steevens).

76. *In faith, It is.* In the early eds. these words are appended to line 75 as a part of the king's speech, but they evidently belong to Westmoreland.

83. *Minion.* Darling, favourite (Fr. *mignon*). Cf. i. 2. 26 below.

87. *That some night-tripping fairy*, etc. For the superstition that fairies stole beautiful children and left elves in their place, cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 23, *W. T.* iii. 3. 122, etc.

95. *I shall have none*, etc. According to Tollet, Hotspur had a right to all the prisoners except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, a man who had taken any captive whose ransom did not exceed ten thousand crowns had the control of him. The Earl of Fife, being a prince of the blood royal (the Duke of Albany, his father, was brother to King Robert III.), could be claimed by Henry by his acknowledged military prerogative.

96. *Worcester.* Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, a younger brother of the Earl of Northumberland. He had been steward of the household under Richard II. See *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 58–60, ii. 3. 21–34.

97. *Malevolent to you in all aspects.* An astrological allusion. *Aspect* (regularly accented as here by S.) was the technical term for the position and influence of a heavenly body. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 107, *T. and C.* i. 3. 92, *Lear*, ii. 2. 112, etc.

98. *Prune.* "The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himself;* that is, picks off the loose feathers, to smooth the rest. To *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same" (Johnson). Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 118: —

"his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing," etc.

106. *More is to be said*, etc. "That is, more is to be said than anger will suffer me to say" (Johnson); or "than would become my dignity" (Wright).

SCENE II. — Some modern eds. make the place "Another room in the palace;" but other parts of the play show that the Prince kept himself aloof from the court, and tradition says that he had a mansion, called Cold Harbour, granted to him, as Prince of Wales, for his residence. This house was not far from Eastcheap, and would be the most probable locality for the present scene. Halliwell-Phillipps assigns it to "The Painted Tavern in the Vintry," which is mentioned by Stow as one of the resorts of the Prince and his wild companions.

2. *Fat-witted.* Heavy-witted, stupid. Cf. *fat-brained* in *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 143; and see also *L. L. L.* v. 2. 268: "Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross, fat, fat." *Sack* was the generic name of Spanish and Canary wines.

9. *Leaping-houses.* Brothels. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 4. 49.

10. *Taffeta.* A fine silken stuff. Cf. *Wits, Fittes, and Fancies*, 1614: "An upstart gallant was attyr'd in taffeta all over figured with flames of fire." In a *Masque* of 1612 we read: "Enter foure Cupids from each side of the boscage, attired in flame-coloured taffita," etc. *To demand* = *as* to ask; a common ellipsis. Cf. line 224 below.

13. *Come near me.* Hit me. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 5. 22: "Am I come near ye now?"

14. *The seven stars.* The Pleiades. Halliwell-Phillipps makes it = the seven Ptolemaic planets, but the *moon* was one of them. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 201 and *Lear*, i. 5. 38. The "Seven Stars" was a common sign for an inn, and is still to be seen in High Street, Whitechapel.

15. *That wandering knight*, etc. "An allusion to El Donzel

del Febo, the 'Knight of the Sun,' in a Spanish romance translated (under the title of *The Mirror of Knighthood*, etc.) during the age of S. This illustrious personage was 'most excellently *faire*,' and a great *wanderer*, as those who travel after him through three thick volumes in quarto will discover. Perhaps the words *that wandering knight so fair* are part of some forgotten ballad on the subject of this marvellous hero's adventures" (Steevens).

21. *Prologue to an egg*, etc. Falstaff plays on *grace* as applied to a thanksgiving before a meal. *Eggs and butter* were a common breakfast-dish, especially in Lent. Cf. ii. 1. 60 below.

24. *Squires of the night's body*, etc. There is a play upon *night* and *knight*, and on *beauty* and *booty;* also, according to White, on *body* and *beauty*, which "were in their vowel sounds pronounced alike, both of them having in their first syllable the pure or name sound of *o*, and *booty* having also that sound." A *squire of the body* was an attendant on a knight who carried his helmet, spear, and shield.

26. *Diana's foresters.* "We learn from Hall that certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of Henry VIII. were called *Diana's Knights*" (Malone). Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 3. 12: —

> "Pardon, goddess of the night,
> Those that slew thy virgin knight."

37. *Lay by.* Evidently the address of highwaymen to their victims, whether we explain it as = "stop" (Steevens), or "lay by your arms" (Warburton), or "throw off your load" (Schmidt). As a nautical term, it means to slacken sail. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 11: —

> "Even the billows of the sea
> Hung their heads, and then lay by;"

that is, became still. *Bring in* is the call to the tapster to bring in more wine.

42. *Of Hybla.* Found in the quartos, but omitted (doubtless

by accident) in the folios. For the allusion to the Sicilian town, famous for its honey, cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 34: "the Hybla bees."

My old lad of the castle. One of the evidences that the original name of Falstaff in the play was *Oldcastle.* Steevens and others have denied this, and have endeavoured to show that "old lad," "lad of the castle," etc., were familiar forms of address in the plays of the time; but the evidence on the other side is too strong to be argued away. See p. 11 above. Nat. Field, who was a member of Shakespeare's company, makes a character in his *Amends for Ladies* (1618) say: —

> "I do hear
> Your lordship this fair morning is to fight,
> And for your honour. Did you never see
> The play where the fat knight, hight Oldcastle,
> Did tell you truly what this honour was?"

Here the allusion to Falstaff's soliloquy on honour (v. 1. 129 fol. below) is unmistakable.

43. *A buff jerkin.* The sheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 2. 36. There is a play upon *durance*, which was the name of a stuff noted for its durability. Steevens quotes *Westward Hoe*, 1607: "I will give thee a good suit of durance;" and *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584: "As the taylor that out of seven yards stole one and a half of durance." The same quibble occurs in *C. of E.* iv. 3. 27: "suits of durance." The name *durance* continued long in use. In a tailor's bill of 1723, we find "for sixteen yards of fine durance, £1..1..4." Cf. the modern *lasting*, a woolen stuff.

46. *Quips.* Sharp jests, or sarcasms. Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 45, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 249, *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 79, etc. *Quiddities* = subtleties; used by S. only here, but *quiddits* occurs with the same sense in *Ham.* v. 1. 107, where the quartos have *quiddities*, as here they have *quiddits.*

58. *Here apparent.* There is an evident play on the following *heir apparent.* The *h* in *heir* was then pronounced. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 127.

61. *Fobbed.* Cheated, tricked; as in *Oth.* iv. 2. 197, *Cor.* i. 1. 79, etc.

62. *Antic.* Buffoon; as in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 63, *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 162, *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 32, etc.

65. *O rare!* was a common exclamation. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes from *Skialetheia*, 1598, a long passage satirizing the use of it, and ending with —

> "Briefly so long he hath usde to cry, oh rare!
> That now the phrase is grown thin and thred-bare."

66. *Brave.* Fine; often used ironically. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 4. 43, etc. Steevens quotes here the old play of *Hen. V.*: —

"*Hen. V.* Ned, so soon as I am king, the first thing I will do shall be to put my lord chief justice out of office; and thou shalt be lord chief justice of England.

Ned. Shall I be lord chief justice? By gogs wounds, I 'll be the bravest lord chief justice that ever was in England."

70. *Jumps.* Agrees. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 32: "I will not jump with common spirits," etc.

74. *Obtaining of suits.* Playing on *suits*, with an allusion to the fact that the clothes of the criminal were a perquisite of the hangman. For the quibble, cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 87: "Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit." See also *Id.* ii. 7. 44.

75. *'Sblood.* A contraction of "God's blood!" Here, as usual, it is omitted in the folio.

76. *A gib cat.* A tom-cat. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 190: "from a bat, a gib," etc. Boswell shows that it was sometimes feminine; as in *Gammer Gurton's Needle:* "Gib (a fowle feind might on her light) lickt the milke pan so clene;" and *Edward I.:* "E'er Gib our cat can lick her eare." "As melancholy as a cat" was a proverbial expression. *A lugged bear;* that is, one dragged or led by the head through the streets. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 2. 42: "the head-lugg'd bear."

78. *A Lincolnshire bagpipe.* This was also proverbial. Steev-

ens finds mention of a "sweete ballade of *The Lincolnshire Bagpipes*." The instrument appears to have been a favourite one in Lincolnshire in the olden time, as it has always been in Scotland.

80. *A hare.* "A hare may be considered as melancholy because she is upon her form solitary; and, according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy" (Johnson). Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, refers to "the melancholy hare." In Swift's *Polite Conversation*, Lady Answerall, being asked to eat hare, replies, "No, madam, they say 't is melancholy meat."

81. *Moor-ditch.* A stagnant ditch between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, spreading out into an unwholesome morass. Malone quotes Dekker, *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "it will be a sorer labour than the cleansing of Augeas' stable, or the scowring of Moor-ditch;" and Taylor, *Pennylesse Pilgrimage:* "my mind attired with moody, muddy, Moore-ditch melancholy."

83. *Comparative.* Full of comparisons. It is used as a noun (= one given to comparisons, or affecting wit) in iii. 2. 67 below. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 854: —

> "a man replete with mocks,
> Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
> Which you on all estates will execute
> That lie within the mercy of your wit."

For *rascalliest*, the later quartos and the folios have "rascallest," which some modern editors adopt.

92. *Wisdom cries out*, etc. A scriptural expression. See *Proverbs*, i. 20, 24.

94. *Iteration.* Johnson explains *damnable iteration* as "a wicked trick of *repeating* and applying holy texts." Schmidt defines *iteration* as "allegation, quotation." Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 183: "truth tir'd with iteration," etc. Knight remarks: "Falstaff does not complain only of Hal's quoting a scriptural text, but that he has been *re*torting and *dis*torting the meaning of his words throughout the scene. For example, Falstaff talks of the

sun and *moon*, the Prince retorts with the *sea* and *moon;* Falstaff uses *hanging* in one sense, the Prince in another; so of *judging;* and so in the passage which at last provokes Falstaff's complaint."

105. *Zounds.* A corruption of "God's wounds;" omitted in the folios. It is a favourite oath with Falstaff, and Fleay believes that it is an interpolation of some actor.

106. *Baffle.* Used in its original sense as applied to the punishment of a recreant knight by hanging him up by the heels, but sometimes only in effigy.

111. *Poins!* Some editors give the name as "Pointz," which is the spelling of the folio in a few places. Elsewhere it is "Poines" or "Poynes." *Set a match* = made an appointment; or, in the thieves' dialect, planned a robbery. *True man* is often used as antithetical to *thief.* Cf. ii. 1. 87, ii. 2. 22, 88 below.

114. *Omnipotent.* Used as a mere intensive. Wright compares the Yankee use of *almighty.*

118. *Sack-and-sugar.* Malone shows that it was a common practice in that day to put sugar into all wines. Hentzner, speaking of the manners of the English, says, "in potum copiose immittunt saccarum." Dr. Thomas Venner, in his *Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1622, remarks: "Sack, taken by itself, is very hot and very penetrative; being taken with sugar, the heat is both somewhat allayed, and the penetrative quality thereof also retardated."

119. *Agrees.* A singular verb is often found before two singular subjects. *Thee* and *thou* were sometimes confounded, like the same cases of other personal pronouns.

130. *Gadshill.* This hill is about two miles northwest of Rochester, on the high-road from London to Canterbury. It is said by some to have got its name from its reputation for robberies, the rogues being called *gads* from the clubs they carried; but this is doubtful. Cf. Clavell, *Recantation*, 1634: —

> "For though I oft have seene Gadd's-hill and those
> Red tops of mountaines where good people lose
> Their ill kept purses."

In 1656, the Danish ambassador was here made "to stand and deliver," and next day received a polite apology from his assailants, beginning: "Sir, the same necessity that enforc't the Tartars to breake the walls of China, compell'd us to wayte on you att Gads-Hill," etc. The Falstaff Inn now stands on the summit of the hill, and Charles Dickens's house is a few paces distant on the other side of the road.

131. *To Canterbury.* To the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, in the cathedral there.

132. *Vizards.* Visors, or masks.

135. *Eastcheap* was so called from its *cheap* or market (see on iii. 3. 46 below), and was noted for its cook-shops, eating-houses, etc.

139. *Yedward.* A familiar corruption of *Edward.* Some say that the *Y* is a contraction of *my*, as the *N* in *Ned, Nell, Noll*, etc., is of *mine.*

141. *Chops.* Probably = fat-chopped. Cf. *wide-chopped* in *Temp.* i. 1. 60; and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 235: "you whoreson chops."

147. *Stand for ten shillings.* Falstaff plays on the word *royal*, which meant a ten-shilling piece. Cf. ii. 4. 291 below, *Rich. II.* v. 5. 67, etc.

161. *Recreation sake.* Cf. "oath sake" in *T. N.* iii. 4. 326; and see also ii. 1. 71, 74 and v. 1. 65 below.

165. *All-hallown summer.* All-hallows-day was the 1st of November, which the Prince blends with the summer season "as a name for Falstaff, in whom wintry age combines with glowing enjoyments and genialities" (Clarke).

167. *Honey.* Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 5. 18: "O honey nurse," etc.

169. *Bardolph, Peto.* All the early eds. have "Harvey, Rossill," which were doubtless the names of actors who played the parts. Such names are not unfrequently found before speeches, instead of those of the *dramatis personæ*, but it is unusual for them to get into the text.

178. *Adventure.* Venture. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 2. 84: "I would adventure for such merchandise," etc.

186. *Sirrah.* Generally used only in addressing inferiors or contemptuously. Perhaps here it is intended as an instance of "unbecoming familiarity" (Schmidt). *For the nonce* = for the occasion. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 161, etc.

187. *Immask.* Mask; used by S. only here. *Noted* = well known, familiar; as in *Ham.* ii. 1. 23, *Sonn.* 76. 6, etc.

188. *Doubt.* Fear, suspect; as often.

196. *Wards.* Guards in fencing, postures of defence. Cf. ii. 4. 195 below.

197. *Reproof.* Confutation (Johnson); as in iii. 2. 23 below.

200. *To-morrow night.* Changed by Capell to "to-night." "The prince is thinking of the meeting that is to take place after the 'exploit,' and not of that which is to precede it; of the time when he is to enjoy the jest, not of the time when he is to prepare for it" (Clarke).

204. *Unyok'd.* Unrestrained, reckless.

206. *Who doth permit,* etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 33. 5:—

> "Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
> With ugly rack on his celestial face," etc.

211. *Strangle.* Cf. *Macb.* ii. 4. 7: "And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp."

214. *But when they seldom come,* etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 52. 5:—

> "Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
> Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
> Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
> Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

219. *Hopes.* Anticipations; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 203:—

> "When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
> By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended."

220. *Sullen.* Gloomy, dark; as in *Sonn.* 29. 12:—

> "Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth," etc.

224. *To make.* That is, *as* to make. See on 11 above. *Skill* = "wisdom, good policy" (Schmidt).

Scene III. — 3. *Have found me.* Have found me out, have discovered my character. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 216, ii. 4. 32, v. 2. 46, etc. Herford reads: "have found me so; accordingly," etc.

6. *Condition.* Natural disposition. Cf. *Cor.* v. 4. 10: "Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?"

13. *Holp.* Used by S. much oftener than *helped*, both as past tense and participle. *Portly* = imposing.

15. *Worcester.* A trisyllable here; as originally pronounced.

19. *Frontier.* The only sense in which S. uses the word is that of "an outwork in fortification" (Schmidt). Cf. ii. 3. 48 below: "Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets." The *moody frontier* of a *brow* is that "terrible aspect" in which the eye doth

> "pry through the portage of the head
> Like a brass cannon" (*Hen. V.* iii. 1. 10).

20. *Good leave.* Full permission. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 326: "Since I have your good leave to go away," etc.

26. *Deliver'd.* Reported; as in v. 2. 26 below: "Deliver what you will," etc.

27. *Misprision.* Misapprehension, mistake. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 187: "Some strange misprision," etc. *Envy* = malice; as in v. 2. 67, and often.

29. *My liege*, etc. Knight remarks: "The character of Hotspur is drawn with the boldest pencil. Nothing can be more free and vigorous than this remarkable portrait. . . . Sir Henry Percy received his *sobriquet* of Hotspur from the Scots, with whom he was engaged in perpetual forays and battles. The old ballad of the 'Battle of Otterbourne' tells us —

> 'He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,
> And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.'

He was 'first armed when the castle of Berwick was taken by the

Scots,' in 1378, when he was twelve years old; and from that time till the battle of Holmedon, *his spur was never cold.* Nothing can be more historically true than the prince's description of Hotspur — 'he that kills me some six or seven dozen Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fye upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry (says she), how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench" (says he), and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle."' The abstraction of Hotspur — the 'some fourteen — an hour after' — has been repeated by the poet in the beautiful scene between Hotspur and his lady, in this act: —

> 'Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
> And I must know it, *else he loves me not.*'

The servant has been called and dismissed; the lady has uttered her reproof; a battle has been fought in Hotspur's imagination, before he answers —

> 'Away,
> Away, you trifler! — Love? — I love thee not.'

This little trait in Hotspur's character might be traditionary; and so might be the 'speaking thick, which Nature made his blemish.' At any rate, these circumstances are singularly characteristic. So also is Hotspur's contempt of poetry, in opposition to Glendower, whose mind is essentially poetical. Such are the magical touches by which Shakspere created the imperishable likenesses of his historical personages. He seized upon a general truth, and made it more striking and permanent by investing it with the ideal."

34. *New reap'd.* That is, trimmed in the style of the time. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 155: "beard of formal cut;" *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 81: "a beard of the general's cut," etc. Certain professions and classes seem to have been distinguished by the cut of the beard. Thus we read of the *bishop's beard*, the *judge's*, the *soldier's*, the *citizen's*, etc. Cf. Greene, *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1592: "he [the barber] descends as low as his beard, and asketh whether he

please to be shaven or no? whether he will have his peak cut short and sharp, amiable, like an inamorato, or broade pendante, like a spade, to be terrible, like a warrior and soldado?"

36. *Milliner.* Originally a dealer in feminine apparel; a business followed by men in the time of S. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 192: "No milliner can so fit his customers with gloves;" the only other instance of the word in S.

38. *A pouncet-box.* A small box for musk or other perfumes.

40. *Who.* Clarke remarks that the word applied to *nose* "gives a comic effect of impersonation to that sensitive feature."

41. *Took it in snuff.* That is, snuffed up the perfumed powder; with a play on the other sense of taking offence. Clarke sees here a reference to tobacco, but this is improbable. If that *is* the meaning, it is the only allusion to tobacco in S. Judge Hosmer, however, in his Baconian book on the *Sonnets*, recognizes one in the "noted weed" of *Sonn.* 76. 6!

42. *Bore.* White reads "bare," and says: "So the original, this form of the preterite being characteristic of the period; and yet all modern editions hitherto have 'bore.'" The fact is that here the quartos have *bore*, the folios *bare;* and that elsewhere in the early eds. (the folios included) *bore* occurs much oftener than *bare.*

46. *Holiday and lady terms.* Affected and effeminate expressions. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 69: "he writes verses, he speaks holiday."

49. *Cold.* This word, as applied to *wounds*, has troubled some of the commentators; but Halliwell-Phillipps cites parallel passages, as, for example, Drayton, *Mortimeriados*, 1596: "As when the blood is cold, we feel the wound," etc.

50. *Popinjay.* Parrot. Cf. Ascham, *Scholemaster:* "Young popinjays learn quickly to speak," etc. *With* = by; as often of the agent.

51. *Grief.* Pain; as in v. 1. 132 below: "the grief of a wound," etc. Steevens remarks: "In our ancient translations of physical treatises, *dolor ventris* is commonly called *belly-grief.*"

56. *God save the mark!* A deprecatory exclamation. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 2. 53, etc.

58. *Parmaceti.* The spelling of the early eds., for which "spermaceti" is sometimes substituted. Reed quotes Sir Richard Hawkins, *Voyage into the South Sea*, 1593: "his spawne is for divers purposes. This we corruptly call *parmacettie*, of the Latin word *sperma ceti*." Bowle cites Sir T. Overbury's *Characters*, 1616: "His wounds are seldom skin-deepe; for an *inward bruise* lambstones and sweete-breads are his only *spermaceti*."

62. *Tall.* Stout, sturdy; ironically, according to Schmidt. Cf. *T. N.* i. 3. 20, *R. and J.* ii. 4. 31, etc.

64. *Soldier.* A trisyllable; as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 28 and *Ham.* i. 5. 141.

77. *Yet he doth.* He doth yet. For the transposition, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 1. 2: "Why yet it lives there," etc. See also 180 below.

78. *Exception.* A quadrisyllable. See on 64 above, and cf. 147, 150, and 225 below. *But with* = unless with.

80. *His brother-in-law*, etc. See on i. 1. 38 above. He is rightly called Percy's *brother-in-law* here, and "my brother Mortimer" by Lady Percy in ii. 3. 81 below. But in iii. 1. 194 Mortimer refers to her as "my *aunt* Percy," showing that S. had there the other Mortimer in mind.

83. *Glendower.* Knight remarks: "Owen Glendower — the 'damned Glendower' of the king — the 'great Glendower' of Hotspur — 'he of Wales,' that 'swore the devil his true liegeman,' of the Prince — was among the most bold and enterprising of the warriors of his age. The immediate cause of his outbreak against the power of Henry IV. was a quarrel with Lord Grey of Ruthyn, on the occasion of which the parliament of Henry seems to have treated Owen with injustice; but there can be no doubt that the great object of his ambition was to restore the independence of Wales. In the *guerilla* warfare which he waged against Henry, he was eminently successful; and his boast in iii. 1. 64–67 is historically true. Shakespeare has seized, with wonderful exact-

ness, upon all the features of his history and character, and of the popular superstitions connected with him. They all belonged to the region of poetry. Glendower says (iii. 1. 12): —

'at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes.'

The old chroniclers say, 'the same night he was born all his father's horses were found to stand in blood up to their bellies.' His pretensions as a magician, which Shakespeare has most beautifully connected with his enthusiastic and poetical temperament, made him a greater object of fear than even his undoubted skill and valour. When the king pursued him into his mountains, Owen (as Holinshed relates) 'conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking-places, and, as was thought, through art magic he caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snow, and hail to be raised for the annoyance of the king's army that the like had not been heard of.' His tedious stories to Hotspur (iii. 1. 146 fol.) were old Welsh prophecies which the people in general, and very likely Glendower himself, devoutly believed. According to Holinshed, it was upon the faith of one of these prophecies in particular that the tripartite indenture of Mortimer, Hotspur, and Glendower was executed. 'This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though King Henry was the moldwarp, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them.' Glendower might probably have 'Believ'd the magic wonders which he sang,' but he was no vulgar enthusiast. He was 'trained up in the English court,' as he describes himself, and he was probably 'exceedingly well read,' as Mortimer describes him, for he had been a barrister of the Middle Temple. When the parliament, who rudely dismissed his petition against Lord Grey of Ruthyn, refused to listen to 'bare-footed blackguards,' it can scarcely be wondered that he should raise the standard of rebellion. The Welsh from all parts of England, even

the students of Oxford, crowded home to fight under the banners of an independent Prince of Wales. Had Glendower joined the Percies before the battle of Shrewsbury, which he was most probably unable to do, he might for a time have ruled a kingdom, instead of perishing in wretchedness and obscurity, after years of unavailing contest.

> 'Lingering from sad Salopia's field,
> Reft of his aid the Percy fell.'"

Verplanck, after quoting the above, adds: "The above historical note is substantially, perhaps literally, correct; yet its facts are coloured by the rays of Shakespeare's fancy breaking through the sober gloom of history. Steevens, in a much more prosaic mood, informs us that 'Glendower's real name was Vaughan, and he was originally a 'barrister;' and old Holinshed informed Shakespeare, in most unpoetic phrase, that 'he became an *utter* [outer] *barrister*, or an apprentice of the law.' If he had gone on in the beaten track of professional life, he would have risen to be Sergeant Vaughan, or perhaps Judge Vaughan, whose opinions might have been cited every half century, in the courts of Westminster, Albany, or Richmond, and throughout the whole domain of the common law. But his name has gained higher honours. There is, however, I believe, no evidence whatever that he gave, either to his own noble and primitive tongue, or to that of England, the 'helpful ornament' of verse. Briefly and transiently as his character is presented, it strikes me as one of Shakespeare's most original conceptions, and also as being wholly his own, in all its individual and poetical aspects. Glendower is made a boasting enthusiast, a very quick-tempered and positive gentleman, and, moreover, somewhat of a *bore* — all traits of character fitted for comedy. Yet Shakespeare has shed around the whole a halo of poetic glory."

87. *Indent with fears.* Compound with the objects of our fear. *Indent* is literally to sign an *indenture*, which was an agreement

made out in duplicate (cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 119: "a pair of indentures") of which each party kept one. Both were written on the same sheet, which was cut in two in a crooked or *indented* line, in order that the fitting of the two parts might prove the genuineness of both in case of dispute. For the concrete use of *fear*, cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 21: "imagining some fear;" *Ham.* iii. 3. 25: "For we will fetters put upon this fear," etc.

94. *Fall off.* Prove faithless; as in *K. John*, v. 5. 11, *Lear*, i. 2. 116, etc.

97. *Mouthed.* Gaping. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 232:—

> "and put a tongue
> In every wound of Cæsar," etc.

Mason quotes *Cor.* ii. 3. 7: "we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them." *Mouthed* occurs again in *Sonn.* 77. 6: "mouthed graves."

100. *Confound.* Wear away, spend; as in *A. and C.* i. 1. 45: "Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh," etc. Cf. the use of the word = ruin, destroy; its most common sense in S.

101. *Changing hardiment.* Exchanging or interchanging hard blows. For *change* = exchange, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 441: "they have chang'd eyes," etc.; and for *hardiment* = bravery, bold exploit, see *T. and C.* iv. 5. 28 and *Cymb.* v. 4. 75. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 1. 2: "To make more triall of his hardiment."

106. *Crisp.* Curled. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 130: "Leave your crisp channels;" where the word is either = curled, winding, or = rippled, ruffled by the wind. In *T. of A.* iv. 3. 183, we find "crisp heaven;" referring probably to the curled clouds. These are the only instances of the adjective in S., but *crisped* (= curled) occurs in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 92. Steevens quotes Kyd, *Cornelia*, 1595: "Turn not thy crispy tides, like silver curls;" and Jonson, *Masque:*—

> "The rivers run as smoothed by his hand,
> Only their heads are crisped by his stroke."

108. *Base.* The folio reading; the quartos have "bare," which some editors prefer.

109. *Colour her working.* "Put a show of honour on its action" (Herford). For *colour* in this sense (palliate, make specious, etc.), cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 231, *Ham.* ii. 2. 290, iii. 1. 45, etc. The noun is often similarly used (for "specious pretence"); as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 29, etc.

114. *Encounter with.* Cf. *V. and A.* 672: "If thou encounter with the boar;" *W. T.* ii. 3. 138: "And wilt encounter with my wrath," etc.

131. *Zounds.* The folios have "Yes." See on i. 2. 105 above.

137. *Canker'd.* Malignant; as in *R. and J.* i. 1. 102: "your canker'd hate," etc.

143. *An eye of death.* Johnson says: "That is, an eye menacing death. Hotspur seems to describe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear." Mason disputes this, and refers to Worcester's reply, which explains why the king trembled at the name of Mortimer. The context clearly favours this latter interpretation.

146. *The next of blood.* Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, had been declared heir apparent to the crown in 1385, but he was killed in Ireland in 1398. His son, Edmund Mortimer, was subsequently proclaimed heir apparent by Richard; but he was the nephew, not the brother, of Percy's wife (Malone). See on 80 above.

149. *In us.* Caused by us, or for which we were responsible.

159. *Starve.* For the omission of the *to*, cf. ii. 4. 517 below and *A. W.* ii. 1. 134: "those that wish him live," etc.

163. *Of murtherous subornation.* That is, of procuring the murder of Richard. *In an unjust behalf* = in behalf of injustice.

168. *Predicament.* Condition, situation. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 3. 86: "Piteous predicament!"

173. *Gage them.* Engage or bind themselves. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 1. 46:—

> "gaging me to keep
> An oath that I have sworn," etc.

176. *Canker.* Canker-rose or dog-rose. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 28: "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace." See also *Sonn.* 54, where the "canker-blooms" are counted inferior to "sweet roses."

178. *Shook.* S. also uses *shaken* (cf. i. 1. 1 above) and *shaked* (*Hen. V.* ii. 1. 124) for the participle.

180. *Yet time serves.* Time yet serves. See on 77 above.

181. *Banish'd.* Lost, forfeited.

183. *Disdain'd.* Disdainful; a not infrequent use of passive forms. Cf. *moulten* in iii. 1. 150 below.

188. *I will unclasp a secret book.* Cf. *T. N.* i. 4. 13:—

> "I have unclasp'd
> To thee the book even of my secret soul."

See also *T. and C.* iv. 6. 60.

189. *Quick-conceiving.* Quick to perceive or understand.

193. *A spear.* That is, a spear laid across. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 170 (referring to Hotspur):—

> "You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
> More likely to fall in than to get o'er."

194. *Good night!* "The Italians, to this day, use their *buona notte!* as *good night!* is used here, to express a desperate resignation when a cause or a game is lost. *Sink or swim* is an old English proverbial expression, implying to run the chance of success or failure" (Clarke). Some editors put a comma after *swim.*

197. *O, the blood more stirs*, etc. Steevens remarks: "This passage will remind the classical reader of young Ascanius's heroic feelings in the 4th *Æneid*:—

> 'pecora inter inertia votis
> Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.'"

200. *Patience.* A trisyllable here. See on 64 above.

201. *By heaven*, etc. Verplanck remarks: "Theobald, Steevens, and the critics of that school, have sneered at this passage, as 'rant.'

. . . But this *rant* is precisely the rant in which such a character as Hotspur might give vent to his feelings, in real life. It is the language of an ardent mind, under strong excitement, giving utterance to its aspirations in grand but half-formed figures; and is justly liable to no other criticism than Worcester himself immediately subjoins, on the 'world of figures' created by his nephew's imagination; a clear proof as to what the author himself intended. This 'rant' of Hotspur is not unlike some of the rants of Napoleon, in his bulletins — so extravagant when tried by the standard of cold criticism, so animating and exciting in their actual effect. Warburton observes that Euripides has put the same sentiment into the mouth of Eteocles: 'I will not disguise my thoughts; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom.' Johnson says, 'Though I am far from condemning this speech, with Gildon and Theobald, as absolute madness, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection and beauty of allegory which Warburton endeavoured to display. This sally of Hotspur may be, I think, soberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with resentment; as the boasted clamour of a man able to do much and eager to do more; as the dark expression of indetermined thoughts. The passage from Euripides is surely not allegorical; yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel.' In the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Beaumont and Fletcher put these lines into the mouth of Ralph, the apprentice, apparently with the design of raising a good-natured laugh at Shakespeare's expense, in which he probably would have joined as heartily as any one."

207. *Corrival.* Rival, competitor. Cf. the verb *co-rival* in *T. and C.* i. 3. 44: —

> "Where 's then the saucy boat
> Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
> Co-rivall'd greatness?"

The 1st folio has "Co-riuall" here. Cf. iv. 4. 31 below.

208. *Half-fac'd.* "Wretched-looking" (Schmidt and Wright); as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 283. Cf. the play upon the word in *K. John*, i. 1. 94.

209. *Figures.* "Shapes created by Hotspur's imagination; but not the form of what he should attend, namely, of what his uncle had to propose" (Edwards). Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 5 fol. and *J. C.* ii. 1. 231.

210. *Attend.* That is, attend to. The preposition is often thus omitted in a relative clause when expressed or implied in what precedes.

212. *I cry you mercy.* I beg your pardon; as in iv. 2. 52 below.

215. *Scot.* There is a play on the word in v. 4. 114 below, and some see one here.

223. *A starling.* The bird was taught to speak, as many allusions in other writers prove. Wright quotes Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, i. 1: —

> "Or hear him chatter
> Like a taught starling."

225. *Motion.* A trisyllable. See on 78 above.

227. *Defy.* Renounce, abjure. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 23: "No, I defy all counsel, all redress." See also iv. i. 6 below.

228. *Pinch.* Cf. iii. 1. 29 below: "pinch'd and vex'd."

229. *Sword-and-buckler.* "When the rapier and dagger were introduced, they became the distinctive weapons of gentlemen, while the sword and buckler were used by serving-men and brawling, riotous fellows; therefore Percy coins this epithet for Prince Hal, to intimate that he was but one of those low and vulgar fellows with whom he was associated" (Clarke). Steevens remarks that a poem entitled *Sword and Buckler, or Serving Man's Defence*, was published in 1602.

235. *Wasp-stung.* The reading of the 1st quarto. The other early eds. have "wasp-tongue" or "wasp-tongu'd," which some of the modern editors prefer. Mason remarks that *wasp-stung* is

supported by the *stung* in Hotspur's reply (239). Steevens objected to "wasp-tongued" that S. knew (as is shown by *W. T.* i. 2. 329) that a wasp's sting is not in its mouth; to which Malone replied by quoting *T. of S.* ii. 1. 214 fol. Of course "wasp-tongued" might mean "waspish" (*A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 9, *J. C.* iv. 3. 50, etc.), but *wasp-stung* is the more expressive here.

240. *Politician.* A political plotter or schemer; generally used in a disparaging sense in the time of S.

243. *Kept.* Dwelt, resided; as often. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 1. 8, *M. for M.* iii. 1. 10, etc.

246. *'Sblood!* See on i. 2. 75 above.

247. *Ravenspurg.* This place (also called *Ravensburg*, *Ravenspurn*, etc.) was in that day a port at the mouth of the Humber, destroyed in the 14th century by the inroads of the sea.

248. *Berkeley Castle.* A castle still standing on the southeast side of the town of Berkeley, on a height overlooking the Severn. See the account of this interview in *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 21 fol.

250. *Candy.* Used of course contemptuously; the only instance of the adjective or noun in S. Cf. the verb in *Ham.* iii. 2. 65: "let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp," etc.

251. *Fawning greyhound.* The expression is repeated in *Cor.* i. 6. 38.

254. *Cozeners.* For the play on *cousin*, Steevens compares *Two Tragedies in One*, 1601: "Come, pretty cousin, cozen'd by grim death;" *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601: "To see my cousin cozen'd in this sort," etc.

257. *Stay.* Stay or wait for; as in *M. of V.* ii. 8. 40, *M. N. D.* v. 1. 259, etc.

260. *The Douglas' son.* That is, Mordake, Earl of Fife. See on i. 1. 71 above. *Mean* is often used by S. in the sense of *means*, though the plural is more common. Cf. 165 above. *Powers* = forces. See on i. 1. 22 above.

265. *Into the bosom creep.* Cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 7: "I am in their bosoms" (that is, I know their secrets).

271. *Estimation.* Supposition, conjecture. The word here has metrically five syllables.

274. *Stays*, etc. That is, waits for a favourable opportunity.

277. *Let'st slip.* Looses the greyhound from the *slip*, or leash. Cf. *Cor.* i. 6. 39 : —

> " Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
> Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
> To let him slip at will ; "

and *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 31 : —

> " I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
> Straining upon the start."

The *Art of Venerie* says : " We let slip a greyhound, and we cast off a hound." *Still* = ever, always ; as very often.

283. *Head.* Armed force ; as in v. 1. 66 below.

284. *Bear ourselves as even as we can.* Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 3 : —

> " How smooth and even do they bear themselves !
> As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
> Crowned with faith and constant loyalty."

287. *Pay us home.* Pay us fully, square the account. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 71 : " I will pay thy graces home," etc.

291. *Cousin.* Nephew. For the loose application of the word to various relationships see on i. 1. 31 above.

299. *Thrive.* Prosper, succeed; as in iv. 4. 36 below, etc.

ACT II

Scene I. — 2. *Charles' wain.* The constellation of the Great Bear. *Charles'* is said to be a corruption of *chorles* or *churl's* (= countryman's). For *churl* in this sense, cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 24 : " Good meat, sir, is common ; that every churl affords " (that is, even a peasant can afford it).

3. *Horse.* Apparently plural, like *corpse* in i. 1. 43 above.

6. *Cut's.* Found elsewhere as the name of a horse. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 203. It meant properly a cut or docked horse.

7. *Flocks.* Locks of wool or hair. On *wrung*, cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 253: "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung."

8. *Out of all cess.* Out of all measure, or estimation. *Cess* is a misspelling of *sess* (= tax), which is also a verb (contracted from *assess*), found in Jonson and other writers of the time. Spenser (*State of Ireland*) has *cesse* in the sense of assessment or levy, and *cessors* = assessors. S. has the word nowhere else.

9. *Dank as a dog.* *Dank* = damp; as in *R. of L.* 1130, *M. N. D.* ii. 2, 75, etc. The simile has troubled some of the critics, and "bog" and "dock" have been suggested in place of *dog;* but, as Staunton remarks, "an appropriate and congruous resemblance would be as inappropriate and incongruous in such mouths as forcible and well-chosen phraseology." Taylor the Water-Poet, in his *Dogge of Warre*, makes sport of these inapposite comparisons: "But many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast upon Dogges, so that it would make a Dogge laugh to heare and understand them. As I have heard a Man say, I am as hot as a Dogge, or as cold as a Dogge, I sweate like a Dogge (when a Dogge never sweates), as drunke as a Dogge, hee swore like a Dogge, and one told a man once, That his Wife was not to be believ'd, for she would lye like a Dogge," etc. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 22 (Trinculo's speech): "but you 'll lie like dogs," etc.

10. *Next.* Nearest; as in iii. 1. 256 below.

16. *Like a tench.* Probably another nonsensical simile, though Steevens quotes Holland's *Pliny* to show that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas.

18. *By the mass.* Omitted in the folios. For *christen*, the quarto reading, the folios have "in Christendom." *Christen* (= Christian) occurs again in the first four quartos in ii. 4. 8 below; changed to "Christian" in the later quartos, and omitted in the folios.

23. *Razes.* Explained by many of the editors as = *races* (cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 50) or roots; but here it probably means packages. It may be a different word from *race*, or the carrier may use it blunderingly.

Charing Cross. Now in the very heart of modern London, but then a village on the road from the city to Westminster. The cross erected there was the last in the series of the famous "Eleanor crosses."

25. *God's body.* Omitted in the folios as profane; like *zounds*, *'sblood*, *by the mass*, *by God* (35 below), etc. Malone notes the anachronism in *turkeys*, the bird having been introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.

28. *As good deed as drink.* The reading of the first three quartos; the other early eds. have "a deed." Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 135: "'T were as good a deed as to drink," etc. See also ii. 2. 22 below. *On* = *of*, as often.

32. *Two o'clock.* Cf. 1 above, where the carrier says it is *four* o'clock. Steevens suggests that he suspected Gadshill and meant to mislead him.

35. *Soft, I pray ye.* The folio reading; the quartos have "by God, soft."

38. *Ay, when? canst tell?* "A proverbial phrase expressing scorn at the demand or menace of another" (Schmidt) Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 52:—

"*Dromio of Ephesus.* O Lord! I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff?
Luce. Have at you with another; that 's—When? can you tell?"

45. *Charge.* Baggage; as in 58 below.

46. *Chamberlain.* The servant who had the care of the chambers in the inn.

47. *At hand, quoth pick-purse.* Another proverbial saying, which occurs often in Greene, Nash, and other writers of the time in whose works the cant of low conversation is preserved. The reply

of Gadshill alludes to the frequent collusion of the chamberlains with the thieves in that day.

55. *A franklin.* A freeholder or yeoman. Cf. *W. T.* v. 2. 173 and *Cymb.* iii. 2. 79. *The wild of Kent* = the Weald of Kent, a wooded district in that day. *Weald* is only another form of *wild.*

61. *Saint Nicholas' clerks.* "St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars; and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers *St. Nicholas' clerks*" (Warburton). Whether this be the true explanation or not, the phrase was a common one. Steevens, among other examples of it, cites *A Christian Turn'd Turk*, 1612: "St. Nicholas' clerks are stepp'd up before us;" and Glapthorne, *The Hollander:* "divers rooks and St. Nicholas' clerks," etc. *St. Nicholas' Knights* was similarly used.

71. *Trojans.* A cant name for thieves and other persons of doubtful character. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 640, 681 and *Hen. V.* v. 1. 20, 23.

72. *Sport sake.* See on i. 2. 161 above. So *credit sake* just below.

75. *Foot-land-rakers.* Footpads. *Long-staff sixpenny strikers* were "fellows that infested the roads with long-staffs, and knocked men down for sixpence" (Johnson). Cf. Greene's *Art of Coney-catching*, 1592: "the cutting a pocket or picking a purse is called striking." *Mustachio-purple-hued malt-worms* = "ale-topers; those who dip their mustachios so deeply and perpetually in liquor as to stain them purple-red" (Clarke). Cf. ii. 4. 15 below: "they call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet." Steevens cites *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, 1593: "You shall purchase the prayers of all the alewives in town, for saving a malt-worm and a customer." Some print "mustachio, purple-hued."

77. *Tranquillity.* That is, people who live at ease. S. uses the word only here, and *tranquil* only in *Oth.* iii. 3. 348. *Great oneyers* is probably a jocose term for *great ones;* with possibly a pun on *owners* (as White suggests), *one* being pronounced like *own.* Sundry emendations have been proposed; as "oneraires," "mone-

yers," "seignors," "owners," "one-eers," "mynheers," "ones, yes," etc.

78. *Hold in.* Probably = "keep their fellows' counsel and their own" (Malone).

83. *Make her their boots.* That is, their booty; playing on the double meaning of *boots*. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 194: "Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds," etc. Cf. the play on *bootless* in iii. 1. 68 below.

86. *Liquored her.* Rendered her waterproof; an allusion to greasing boots for that purpose. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 5. 100: "They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me." Malone quotes Peacham, *Complete Gentleman*, 1627: "Item, a halfpenny for liquor for his boots."

87. *As in a castle.* A common simile to express security. *Cock-sure*, still in use, is a very old intensive of *sure*.

88. *Fern-seed.* It was a popular superstition that fern-seed was invisible, and that (if gathered on Midsummer Eve and with certain formalities, to which *receipt* here refers) it made the possessor invisible. Cf. Jonson, *New Inn*, i. 1: —

> "I had
> No medicine, sir, to go invisible,
> No fern-seed in my pocket;"

and *Plaine Percevall*, etc., a tract of the time of Elizabeth: "I thinke the mad slave hath tasted on a ferne-stalke, that he walkes so invisible."

90. *Beholding.* Beholden; which does not occur in the early eds., though sometimes substituted in modern ones.

93. *Purchase.* In the thieves' dialect a euphemism for plunder. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 45: "They will steal anything, and call it purchase." See also Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 3. 16: —

> "For on his backe a heavy load he bare
> Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
> Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall;"

and *Id.* vi. 11. 12: "his owne purchase and his onely prize."

96. *Homo*, etc. A quotation from the Latin grammars of the time. He means, as Johnson explains it, that, "though he might have reason to change the word *true*, he might have spared *man*, for *homo* is a name common to all men," thieves not excepted. For *true man*, see on i. 2. 115 above.

SCENE II. — 2. *Frets like a gummed velvet.* Velvets that were stiffened with gum soon fretted and wore out. Cf. *The Malcontent*, 1604: "I 'll come among you, like gum into taffeta, to fret, fret;" where, as here, there is an obvious play on *fret*.

13. *Squire.* Square, or foot-rule. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 348. Steevens cites Burton, *Anat. of Melan.:* "as for a workman not to know his axe, saw, squire, or any other toole," etc.

18. *Medicines.* Drugs for exciting love. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 61: —

> "She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
> By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks," etc.

22. *Rob a foot further.* Go a foot further to rob. For *as good a deed*, etc., see on ii. 1. 24.

37. *Colt.* Trick, fool. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Rule a Woman*, iv. 1: "I 'll colt you once more," etc.

44. *Garters.* There is an allusion to the Order of the Garter, and also to the proverb (given by Ray), "He may hang himself in his own garters."

45. *Ballads.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 52.

49. *Against my will.* There is a play on the phrase, with an allusion to the loss of his horse.

50. *Setter.* That is, Gadshill. See on i. 2. 111 above.

52. *Case ye.* Mask yourselves.

66. *John of Gaunt.* Falstaff plays upon the name, as Gaunt himself does in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 73 fol.

76. *Happy man be his dole.* Happiness be his portion! Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 163: "Happy man be 's dole!" See also *M. W.* i. 2. 163 and *T. of S.* i. 1. 144.

84. *Caterpillars!* For the figure, cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 166: "caterpillars of the commonwealth."

88. *Gorbellied.* Big-bellied. Clarke quotes Sir Thomas More: "as a great gorbelyed glutton, so corpulente and fatte that he canne scantelye goe."

89. *Chuffs.* Churls, clowns; generally applied to rich and stingy ones. Cf. *A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578: "The wealthy chuff;" and Marlowe, *Ovid's Elegies:* "Chuff-like, had I not gold, and could not use it?"

92. *Jure.* A verb of Falstaff's own making. White says: "Falstaff's exclamation, 'You are grand jurors,' etc., seems to be based on an intended whimsical misunderstanding of 'we *and ours*' in the Traveller's outcry; *ours* having probably been pronounced *oors* in Shakespeare's day." *Grandjurors* were generally men of good station, and "in the time of Elizabeth were required to be possessed of freehold estate of the yearly value of four pounds at least" (Wright).

93. *True.* See on ii. 1. 96 above.

95. *Argument.* Theme, subject. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 258: "thou wilt prove a notable argument," etc.

107. *Each takes*, etc. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 12: "The thief doth fear each bush an officer."

108. *Away, good Ned*, etc. The defect in the metre of the line is probably due to the substitution of *Falstaff* for "Oldcastle." Cf. p. 11 above.

109. *And lards*, etc. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 6. 8: "larding the plain."

Scene III. — 1. *Warkworth Castle.* The castle is still standing at Warkworth, Northumberland, on a lofty rock about a mile from the mouth of the river Coquet. It is not known when it was built, but it was bestowed on Henry Percy, the ancestor of the Earls of Northumberland, by Edward III. After being several times forfeited and recovered, it was finally restored in the time of Henry V.

to Henry, fourth Earl of Northumberland, and has since continued in the possession of the House of Percy.

12. *Unsorted.* Ill-chosen, unsuitable. Cf. *sort* (= choose) in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 27: "I 'll sort some other time to visit you," etc.

18. *Full of expectation.* Full of promise, hopeful.

24. *My lord of York.* The archbishop of York, Richard Scroop. Cf. i. 3. 268 above.

30. *I could divide myself,* etc. That is, I could beat myself for being such a fool. Cf. the modern slang, "I could kick myself." For *buffets* = blows, cf. *Macb.* iii. 1. 109, *Ham.* iii. 2. 72, etc. See also the verb in *M. W.* iv. 2. 25: "and so buffets himself on the forehead," etc.

35. *Kate.* Her name was not *Kate,* but *Elizabeth.* It may be a mistake of the poet, or he may have changed the name designedly from the fondness he seems to have had for the familiar *Kate,* which he is never weary of repeating when he has once introduced it; as here, and in *T. of S.* and *Hen. V.* The wife of Hotspur was the Lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger, Earl of March, the Lord Mortimer of the play. See on i. 1. 38 above.

41. *Stomach.* Appetite; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 68, etc.

Golden sleep. Holt White remarks: "The various epithets, borrowed from the qualities of metals, which have been bestowed on *sleep,* may serve to show how vaguely words are applied in poetry. Here sleep is called *golden,* and in *Rich. III.* [v. 3. 105] we have 'leaden slumber.' But in Virgil [*Æn.* x. 745, xii. 309] it is '*ferreus* somnus;' while Homer [*Il.* xi. 241] terms sleep *brazen,* or more strictly *copper,* χάλκεος ὕπνος." There is a semblance of truth in this; and yet the epithets are not so "vaguely" used that they can be interchanged. "Leaden sleep" would not do here, and "golden slumber" would be absurd in the passage in *Rich. III.* In Virgil and Homer the sleep of death is meant, and the adjectives used are virtually synonymous, both being taken from metals remarkable for their strength. Each epithet is metaphorically specific and appro-

priate, and seems "vague" only when separated from the context. For *golden sleep*, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 3. 38 and *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 84.

45. *And given my treasures*, etc. That is, allowed your melancholy to make you forget the loving attentions that are my delight and my due. *Thick-eyed* = dim-eyed, blind to outward things.

49. *Manage.* Especially used of the training of horses. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 13, *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 79, *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 24, *Per.* iv. 6. 69, etc.

51. *Retires.* Retreats; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 326, v. 5. 4, *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 86, etc.

52. *Frontiers.* Outworks. See on i. 3. 19 above.

53. *Basilisks.* A kind of large cannon. There is a play upon the word in *Hen V.* v. 2. 17. *Culverin* were also a species of ordnance.

55. *Current.* Course. It is the reading of the folios and the later quartos; the first three quartos have "currents." Some editors adopt Capell's "'currents." *Heady* = impetuous, precipitate.

62. *Hest.* Behest, mandate. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 274: "Refusing her grand hests;" and see *Id.* iii. 1. 37 and iv. 1. 65.

71. *Esperance.* Hope (Fr.). The motto of the Percy family.

75. *Carries you away.* Lady Percy uses the phrase in the familiar, figurative sense; but Hotspur pretends to take it literally.

78. *Spleen.* Caprice, waywardness; as in iii. 2. 125 below. It often means heat, impetuosity; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 68, 448, iv, 3. 97, v. 7. 50, etc. For the allusion to the *weasel*, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 162: "As quarrelous as the weasel."

83. *Line.* Strengthen, give support to. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 7: "To line and new repair our towns of war;" *Macb.* i. 3. 112: "did line the rebel," etc.

Go strictly meant to walk; hence Hotspur's quibble in reply. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 22: "We 'll not run, nor go neither;" *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 388: "Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long that going will scarce serve the turn," etc.

85. *Paraquito.* A paroquet, or small parrot; used by S. only here.

87. *I'll break thy little finger.* "This token of amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date; being mentioned in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579: 'Whereupon, I think, no sort of kysses or follies in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor pinching by the little finger'" (Steevens, as "Amner").

90. *Love! I love thee not.* See on i. 3. 29 above.

92. *Mammets.* Puppets. Cf. *R and J.* iii. 5. 186: "A whining mammet." Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, speaks of the fashionable women of the time as "not natural, but artificial women, not women of flesh and blood, but rather puppets or mammets, consisting of ragges and clowts compact together."

93. *Crack'd crowns.* "Signifies at once *cracked money* and a *broken head. Current* will apply to both: as it refers to money, its sense is well known; as it is applied to a broken head, it insinuates that a soldier's wounds entitle him to universal respect" (Johnson). Malone remarks that the same quibble occurs in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: —

> "I'll none of your cracked French crowns —
>
> *King.* No cracked French crowns! I hope to see more cracked French crowns ere long."

111. *Thou wilt not utter*, etc. Alluding to the proverb (given by Ray in his collection), "A woman conceals what she knows not."

Scene IV. — The original *Boar's Head* was burned down in the great fire of 1666. It was rebuilt on the same site, and remained until 1757, when it was demolished with the neighbouring houses on Old London Bridge. It was this second Boar's Head that Goldsmith visited, though he appears to have supposed it to be the earlier tavern. Cf. the following passage from his *Essays:* "Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's Head tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, *in*

the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity; the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece had long withstood the tooth of time."

The cut on p. 8 above represents what is possibly a veritable relic of the old Boar's Head. Knight gives the following account of it: "In Whitechapel, some years since, there was a hillock called the Mount, traditionally supposed to have been formed out of the rubbish of the great fire of 1666. Upon the clearing away of that Mount an oaken carving of a boar's head, in a framework formed of two boar's tusks, was found in a half-burned state. The diameter of this curious relic was four inches and a half. On the back of the carving was a date 1568, and a name, which, by a comparison with some records, corresponded with the name of the tavern-keeper in that year. It is supposed that this very spirited carving was suspended in the tavern."

1. *Fat-room.* Vat-room; as the *hogsheads* just below indicates. For *fat* = vat, cf. *A. and C.* ii. 7. 122: "In thy fats our cares be drowned." See also *Joel*, ii. 24, iii. 13, and *Mark*, xii. 1. Wright reads "fat room," making *fat* = "close, stuffy."

2. *Lend me thy hand.* Help me.

6. *Sworn brother.* "Adventurers in travel or war sometimes bound themselves to share each other's fortunes; they were then *fratres jurati*, sworn brothers." Cf. *W. T.* v. 4. 607: "Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman!" *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 107: "and they shook hands, and

swore brothers!" *Cor.* iii. 2. 102: "I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people." A *leash* was the string or thong by which a greyhound was led; and three greyhounds (like the three *drawers*, or tapsters, here) were also called a *leash*. See also on i. 3. 277 above.

8. *Christen.* "Christian" in the 5th and later quartos; omitted in the folios.

9. *Take it already upon their salvation.* That is, they swear by their hopes of salvation. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 12: "I took 't upon my honour thou hadst it not;" *K. John*, i. 1. 110: "took it on his death," etc. See also v. 4. 151 below: "I 'll take it upon my death," etc.

11. *Jack.* Often used as a term of contempt. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 77: "these bragging Jacks," etc.

12. *Corinthian* seems here to be = *a lad of mettle*, or "a spirited fellow," as Schmidt explains it; not a loose fellow, as the editors generally give it. Cf. the use of *Ephesian* (= a jolly companion) in *M. W.* iv. 5. 19 and 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 164.

16. *And when you breathe*, etc. That is, when you take breath while drinking, they tell you to toss it off at a draught. Clarke remarks: "Several quotations have been cited to show that this was the phrase used among roysterers for toping in this style, and that the feat was considered an accomplishment; the most apt of which quotations is one from Rowland's *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine*, 1600: —

> 'Heele look unto your *water* well enough,
> And hath an eye that no man leaves a snuffe;
> A pox of peece-meale drinking (William sayes)
> *Play it away*, weele have no stoppes and stayes;
> *Blown drink* is odious; what man can digest it?'"

Cry 'hem.' This seems to have been used by way of encouragement. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 16: "cry 'hem!' when he should groan;" and *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 19: "if I could cry 'hem!' and have him." See also 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 33, iii. 2. 232, etc.

19. *Drink with any tinker.* Tinkers were proverbial tipplers and gabblers. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 95, etc.

23. *Pennyworth of sugar.* As sugar was often put into wine (see on i. 2. 118 above), the drawers kept small paper packages of it ready for the use of customers. Steevens quotes *Look about You*, 1600: —

> "but do you hear?
> Bring sugar in white paper, not in brown."

24. *Under-skinker.* Under-drawer, or tapster. *Skink* is the Anglo-Saxon *scencan*, defined by Bosworth "to skink, to pour out, to give drink." Cf. Jonson, *Poetaster*, iv. 3: —

> "*Alb.* I'll ply the table with nectar, and make 'em friends.
> *Her.* Heaven is like to have but a lame skinker."

27. *Bastard.* A sweet Spanish wine, of which there were two kinds, brown and white. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 4: "we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard." See also 73 below.

The Half-moon. It was the fashion to give names to particular rooms in taverns. Cf. 38 below. See also *M. for M.* ii. 1. 133: "'t was in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit." The custom prevailed as recently as the time of Goldsmith, who makes his pseudo-barmaid, in *She Stoops to Conquer*, say: "Attend the Lion there; pipes and tobacco for the Angel; the Lamb has been outrageous this half-hour." At the Shakspere Hotel in Stratford, the chambers, instead of being numbered, are named after the poet's plays.

30. *Puny.* "The technical name of the younger son (*puisné*), playfully applied to the *under-skinker*" (Herford).

33. *Anon.* Soon, presently. "Anon, anon, sir!" was the usual response of waiters to calls for them, like the modern "Coming, sir!" *Precedent* = sample. In *K. John*, v. 2. 3 and *Rich. III.* iii. 6. 7 the word means the first draught of a writing.

38. *Pomgarnet.* The spelling of the first five quartos and the

folios, probably intended as the drawer's pronunciation of *Pomegranate*. The later quartos have "Pomgranet" or "pomegranat."

61. *Pound*. Used repeatedly as plural (with a numeral) in this play, as elsewhere.

69. *Wilt thou rob*, etc. That is, will you *rob* or cheat your master by breaking your *indenture*, or bond of apprenticeship, and running away?

A leathern jerkin with *crystal buttons* was a common garment with vintners and other tradespeople. Greene, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620, describes the costume of a broker as "a black taffeta doublet, and a spruce leather jerkin with chrystal buttons," etc.

70. *Not-pated*, or *nott-pated*, according to some, means "with hair cropped close;" according to others, it is = *knotty-pated* (bull-headed, blockheaded), which occurs in 227 below.

Puke-stocking is probably = dark-coloured stocking. Baret, in his *Alvearie*, defines *puke* as a colour between russet and black. Drant, in his *Horace*, renders "nigra palla" (*Sat.* i. 8. 23) "in pukishe frocke." Nares says that dark stockings were then thought reproachful, and compares the modern use of *blackleg*. *Puke* is possibly the colour *puce*, or dark brown. It was also the name of a kind of cloth.

Caddis was a kind of worsted ribbon. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 208. The garters, being then worn in sight, were often made of rich materials, and those of *caddis* or plain worsted would be reckoned cheap and mean.

71. *Spanish-pouch* is evidently another contemptuous term, perhaps, as Wright suggests, referring to "the vintner's squat, thick-set figure," the *Spanish* being used "because his jerkin was made of Spanish leather."

73. *Why, then*, etc. The irrelevant answer is of course meant to mystify Francis, as it evidently does.

101. *Parcel*. Item; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 36: "the parcels and particulars," etc.

I am not yet, etc. "The drawer's answer had interrupted the Prince's train of discourse. He was proceeding thus: 'I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours; I am not yet of Percy's mind;' that is, 'I am willing to indulge myself in gaiety and frolic, and try all the varieties of human life. I am not yet of Percy's mind, who thinks all the time lost that is not spent in bloodshed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal soldier'" (Johnson).

102. *Me.* This expletive use of the pronoun (like the Latin "ethical dative") is common in S.

109. *Brawn.* Here = mass of flesh. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 19: "Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John," etc.

110. *Rivo!* A Bacchanalian exclamation, the origin of which is uncertain. It occurs several times in Marston's plays and others of the time.

115. *Nether-stocks.* Short stockings. The word occurs again in *Lear*, ii. 4. 11.

120. *Pitiful-hearted butter.* The early eds. have "Titan" for *butter*, which is the emendation of Theobald. The *pitiful-hearted* evidently prepares the way for *melted*, and refers to the same thing. The allusion, as White notes, is to an old English saying, that a fat person in a heat looks "like butter in the sun." For *Titan* as the sun-god, see *R. and J.* ii. 3. 4, *Cymb.* iii. 4. 166, etc.

121. *That compound.* Referring to the red-faced Falstaff and the white froth of the sack disappearing as he drinks.

123. *Lime.* Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyages*, says that the Spanish sacks "for conservation are mingled with the lime in the making," and hence give rise to "the stone, the dropsy, and infinite other distempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent use." According to Greene (as quoted by Reed) the lime was used to give strength to the liquor, or "make it mightie." In Sir Hugh Plat's *Jewel House of Art and Nature*, 1653, we read: "We are grown so nice in taste, that almost no wines unless they be more pleasant than they can be of the grape, will content us, nay no

colour unless it be perfect fine and bright will satisfie our wanton eyes, whereupon as I have been credibly informed by some that have seen the practise in Spain, they are forced even there to interlace now and then a lay of Lime with the Sack grape in the expression, thereby to bring their Sacks to be of a more white colour into England than is natural unto them, or than the Spaniards themselves will brook or indure, who will drink no other Sacks than such as be of an Amber colour."

129. *A shotten herring.* "A herring that has cast its roe, and is therefore lank and lean" (Clarke).

131. *The while.* Often = the time, especially in exclamations of grief; as *woe the while!* (*W. T.* iii. 2. 173, etc.), *alas the while!* (*M. of V.* ii. 1. 3), etc.

132. *A weaver.* Weavers had the name of being good singers, especially of psalms. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 61. Steevens quotes Jonson, *Silent Woman:* "the parson caught his cold by sitting up late, and singing catches with cloth-workers." For *psalms or anything* the folio has "all manner of songs," which was "doubtless another concession to the growing Puritanical influence of the day" (White).

136. *A dagger of lath.* Such as the Vice in the old moralities was armed with. See *T. N.* iv. 2. 156: "Like to the old Vice," etc. In 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 343, Falstaff calls Shallow "this Vice's dagger."

137. *Afore.* Used a dozen times or so by S. instead of *before*, especially in asseverations, like *afore heaven* (*Temp.* iv. 1. 7), *afore God* (*Rich. II.* ii. 1. 200, 238, *R. and J.* ii. 4. 170, iv. 2. 31), and *afore me* (*R. and J.* iii. 4. 34).

155. *All 's one for that.* That doesn't matter. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 3. 8: "But where to-morrow? Well, all 's one for that."

164. *At half-sword.* In close fight, or within half a sword's length.

167. *Doublet.* Coat; the *hose* being the breeches.

169. *Dealt better.* Did better, fought better.

179. *Ebrew.* "Hebrew" in the 7th and 8th quartos; as elsewhere in S.

183. *Other* = others; as in *T. and C.* i. 3. 91: "Amidst the other," etc.

192. *Paid.* Squared accounts with, killed; as in v. 3. 46 below: "I have paid Percy."

194. *Call me horse.* Abuse me, revile me. Cf. iii. 3. 9 below: "I am a brewer's horse." For *ward*, see on i. 2. 196 above. *Lay* was a technical term with *ward;* as in *T. and C.* i. 2. 283: "at what ward you lie."

200. *A-front.* In front; used by S. nowhere else.

202. *Target.* Shield; the only meaning in S. So *targe* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 556, *A. and C.* ii. 6. 39, and *Cymb.* v. 5. 5.

206. *These hilts.* For the plural applied to a single sword, cf. *Hen. V.* ii. chor. 9: "And hides a sword from hilts unto the point;" *Id.* ii. 1. 68: "I 'll run him up to the hilts," etc.

215. *Down fell their hose.* Playing on *points*, which were the hooks by which the hose were held up to the doublet. For similar quibbles, see *T. N.* i. 5. 25 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 206.

216. *Followed me.* The *me* is the expletive dative. See on 102 above.

218. *Seven of the eleven.* "The way in which the beginning *hundred* gradually dwindle down to *two*, and then as gradually swell up to *eleven*, with even a supplementary *three* added, *in Kendal green*, is in the richest style of humorous exaggeration; and we feel it to be a pure invention of Falstaff's, for the sake of revelling in his own sense of fun, and ministering to that of the Prince, not for the sake of grave self-vindication, or with the slightest thought of being believed" (Clarke).

222. *Kendal green.* A woolen cloth made at Kendal, in Westmoreland, which was famous for such fabrics. Steevens quotes Drayton, *Polyolbion:* —

> "where Kendal town doth stand
> For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the land."

Camden speaks of the town as "highly renowned for her commodious cloathing and industrious trading, as her name is become famous in that kind." The woolen manufactures of the modern Kendal are chiefly blankets, railway rugs, and carpets.

227. *Guts.* The word was not so offensive then as now. It is used by Lyly, "who made the first attempt to polish our language;" also by Stonyhurst in his translation of Virgil, and by Chapman in his *Iliad.* Halliwell-Phillipps says: "I have seen a letter, written about a century ago, in which a lady of rank, addressing a gentleman, speaks of her *guts* with the same nonchalance with which we should now write *stomach.*" For *knotty-pated*, see on 70 above. *Obscene* = abominable.

228. *Tallow-catch.* Explained by some as = *tallow-ketch*, or a tallow-tub; by others as = *tallow-keech*, or a round lump of fat rolled up by the butcher to be carried to the chandler. *Keech* is applied contemptuously to the butcher's wife in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 101, and to the butcher's son, Wolsey, in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 55.

237. *The strappado.* This is described by Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon* (quoted by Steevens), as follows: "The strappado is when the person is drawn up to his height, and then suddenly to let him fall half-way with a jerk, which not only breaketh his arms to pieces, but also shaketh all his joints out of joint; which punishment is better to be hanged, than for a man to undergo."

239. *Reasons.* There is probably here a play on *reasons* and *raisins*, the former being pronounced like the latter. Cf. the play on *beats* and *baits* in *W. T.* ii. 3. 92.

242. *This sin.* Vaughan thinks that this is used personally = Falstaff; but it may simply mean the sin of tolerating him. *Sin* is personified as masculine in *R. of L.* 629, 882, 913.

245. *Eel-skin.* Hanmer's emendation for the "elf-skin" of the early eds. It is confirmed by the fact that S. uses the word as a symbol of thinness or leanness in *K. John*, i. 1. 141 and 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 351. Some have defended "elf-skin," which Schmidt explains

"equalling in bigness not even an elf, but only his cast skin;" but *eel-skin* seems more in keeping with the context. Johnson, who proposed "elfkin," says that an eel-skin "bears no great resemblance to a man;" but the same might be said of *sheath*, *bow-case*, etc.

246. *Stock-fish.* A dried cod. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 79: "I 'll make a stock-fish of thee," etc.

248. *Standing-tuck.* Rapier set on end. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 244: "dismount thy tuck."

256. *Outfaced you from.* Frightened you away from.

263. *Starting-hole.* "Evasion, subterfuge" (Schmidt). Holinshed uses the word in the sense of hiding-place: "they brake upon them out of their starting-holes and places of refuge through the marshes."

271. *The lion*, etc. Steevens quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Mad Lover*, iv. 5: —

> "Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over;
> If she be sprung from royal blood, the lion
> Will do her reverence, else he 'll tear her;"

and Clarke adds, from the old romance of *Palmerin d'Oliva*, translated by Anthony Monday, 1588: "The lyons coming about him, smelling on his clothes, would not touch him; but (as it were knowing the blood royal) lay downe at his feete and licked him, and afterwards went to their places againe."

278. *Hearts of gold.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 44 (Pistol's speech): —

> "The king 's a bawcock and a heart of gold."

286. *My lady the hostess.* For the playful reply, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 85: —

> "*Servant.* Where is my lady?
> *Portia.* Here; what would my lord?"

and *Rich. II.* v. 5. 67: —

> "*Groom.* Hail, royal prince!
> *King Richard.* Thanks, noble *peer!*"

289. *At door.* Cf. iv. 2. 9 below. It has been suggested that in this and similar instances with *at* (*at gate*, etc.), the article is "absorbed" by the preceding *t*.

291. *A royal man.* For the play on *noble* and *royal*, cf. the passage just quoted from *Rich. II.*, and see on i. 2. 147 above.

312. *True men.* "That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honest* men, opposed to thieves" (Johnson). See on ii. 2. 93 above.

316. *Taken with the manner.* A law phrase = taken in the fact, or in the act. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes *Termes de la Ley*: "Maynour is when a theefe hath stolne, and is followed with Hue and Cry, and taken, having that found upon him which he stole, that is called Maynour. And so we use to say when we find one doing of an unlawful act, that we took him with the Maynour or Manner."

317. *Fire and sword.* The *fire* was in Bardolph's face. The toper retorts by asking if he knows what the fiery appearance portends.

321. *Exhalations.* Elsewhere, as here, equivalent to *meteors.* Cf. v. 1. 19 below and *J. C.* ii. 1. 44.

324. *Hot livers and cold purses.* "That is, *drunkenness* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of those times, *to heat the liver*" (Johnson). Steevens cites *A. and C.* i. 2. 23: "I had rather heat my liver with drinking." See also *M. of V.* i. 1. 81: "And let my liver rather heat with wine," etc.

325. *Choler.* The Prince's reply is evidently suggested by a play on *choler* and *collar*. Steevens compares *King John and Matilda*, 1655:—

> "*O Bru.* Son, you 're too full of choler.
> *Y. Bru.* Choler! halter!
> *Fitz.* By the mass, that 's near the collar!"

328. *Bombast.* Cotton used to stuff out clothes. Gerarde, in his *Herbal*, calls the cotton plant "the bombast tree." Stubbes,

in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, speaks of doublets "stuffed with foure, five, or sixe pounde of bombast at least." Nares quotes Lupton, *A Thousand Notable Things:* "a candle . . . with a wick of bumbast." The verb meant to stuff out; and the following, from Drayton's *Polyolbion*, shows how it became applied to writing: —

> "The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full and strong:
> Not bombasted with words, vain ticklish ears to feed,
> But such as may content the perfect man to read."

There is a play upon *bombast* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 791: "As bombast and as lining to the time."

332. *An alderman's thumb-ring.* It was an ancient fashion to wear a ring on the thumb; and Steevens shows, by sundry quotations, that aldermen and other civil officers wore thumb-rings in the time of S. In Chaucer's *Squire's Tale* it is said of the rider of the brazen horse that "upon his thombe he had of gold a ring." Halliwell-Phillipps says that a character in the Lord Mayor's Show in 1664 is described as "habited like a grave citizen, — gold girdle and gloves hung thereon, rings on his fingers, and a seal-ring on his thumb." The ring at country weddings was sometimes put on the bride's thumb.

337. *Amamon.* The name of a powerful demon. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 311: "Amamon sounds well, Lucifer well, Barbason well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends."

339. *A Welsh hook.* "The point where the shaft of a halberd was crossed by the steel head which formed an axe on one side and a spike on the other" (Herford). For the practice of swearing upon the cross of a sword, etc., see *Ham.* i. 5. 147; and cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 168, iii. 2. 125, *Rich. II.* i. 3. 179, etc.

347. *Pistol.* An anachronism, as the pistol was not known in the time of Henry. Steevens remarks that Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, have equipped Demetrius Poliorcetes, one of the immediate successors of Alexander the Great, with the same weapon.

354. *Cuckoo.* Often used as a term of contempt.

358. *Blue-caps.* The Scots with their blue bonnets.

362. *Horrible.* Often used adverbially; as in *Lear*, iv. 6. 3: "Horrible steep," etc. Both here and in 365 some of the quartos have "horribly." S. uses *afeard* and *afraid* interchangeably.

375. *State.* Throne, or seat of state. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 5, etc.

Cushion. Dr. Letherland (quoted by Steevens) observes that the country people in Warwickshire use a cushion for a crown, in their harvest-home diversions.

377. *Joined-stool.* Joint-stool; a sort of folding chair.

378. *A leaden dagger.* That is, having a leaden sheath.

383. *In passion.* In great sorrow; as in 414 below.

384. *King Cambyses' vein.* A hit at a play called *A Lamentable Tragedie, mixed full of Pleasant Mirth, containing the Life of Cambises, King of Persia*, 1570. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 2. 42: "This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein."

385. *My leg.* My obeisance to my father. Cf. the expression "make a leg" (*A. W.* ii. 2. 10 and *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 175).

388. *O Jesu!* The folios omit this, and in 393 change it to "O rare."

389. *Weep not*, etc. Verse, in "King Cambyses' vein," sportively used by Falstaff; as again in 391, 392.

391. *Tristful.* Sorrowful. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 50: "With tristful visage."

394. *Harlotry players.* Vagabond players; or possibly for *Herod* or *hero players* (Schmidt). *Harlotry* was often used in a slightly contemptuous way; as here and in iii. 1. 197 below.

395. *Tickle-brain.* A term applied to some kind of strong liquor. Steevens quotes *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, 1636: —

> "A cup of Nipsitate brisk and neat,
> The drawers call it tickle-brain."

398. *The camomile*, etc. Farmer notes the reference to Lyly, *Euphues:* "Though the camomile the more it is trodden and

pressed downe, the more it spreadeth: yet the violet the oftener it is handled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth," etc. Reed quotes Greene, *Philomela*, 1595: "The palme tree, the more it is prest downe, the more it sprowteth up: the camomill, the more it is troden, the sweeter smell it yeildeth." Johnson says that the simile used to illustrate a contrary effect reminds him of a writer who, "meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young soldiers, remarks that 'though Bedlam be in the road to Hogsden, it is out of the way to promotion.'"

406. *Micher.* Truant. Clarke quotes Akerman, *Provincial Words and Phrases:* "*Moocher.* A truant; a blackberry moucher. A boy who plays truant to pick blackberries." It often meant a sneaking thief. Steevens cites Richard Pynson, *Comment on the Ten Commandments*, 1493: "many theyves, michers, and cut-purse;" and Lyly, *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "How like a micher he stands, as though he had truanted from honesty."

411. *This pitch*, etc. The quotation is from *Ecclesiasticus*, xiii. 1: "He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith." It is found in Lyly's *Euphues* and other writers of the time.

418. *An it like.* If it please. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. prol. 32: "The offer likes not," etc.

426. *If then the tree*, etc. Alluding to *Matthew*, xii. 33.

435. *Rabbit-sucker.* Sucking rabbit. Steevens quotes Lyly, *Endymion.* "I prefer an old coney before a rabbet-sucker." *Poulter's* = poulterer's. Johnson remarks: "The jest is in comparing himself to something thin and little. So a *poulter's hare;* a hare hanging by the hind legs without a skin is long and slender."

443. *Ungracious.* Graceless; as in *T. N.* iv. 1. 51, etc.

448. *Bolting-hutch.* A hutch or bin into which meal is bolted or sifted.

449. *Bombard.* A large leathern vessel for holding liquors. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 21: "a foul bombard that would shed his liquor."

450. *Manningtree.* A place in Essex where a fair was held at which the old "moralities" were acted. At this festive season

it was customary to roast an ox whole. The neighbourhood was famous for its rich pastures. Malone quotes Nashe, *The Choosing of Valentines* : —

> "or see a play of strange moralitie,
> Showen by bachelrie of *Manningtree*
> Whereto the countrie franklins flock-meale swarme."

451. The *Vice*, *Iniquity*, and *Vanity* were personages in the old moralities. The *Vice* sometimes took the part of *Iniquity*. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 1. 82: "the formal Vice, Iniquity." For *Vanity*, see *Lear*, ii. 2. 39: "Vanity the puppet's part."

455. *Cunning*. Knowing, or skilful. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 2. 2: "cunning cooks," etc.

458. *Take me with you*. "That is, go no faster than I can follow; let me know your meaning" (Johnson). Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 142: "Soft! take me with you."

468. *Sack and sugar*. See on i. 2. 118.

471. *Pharaoh's lean kine*. See *Genesis*, xli. 19.

485. *The devil rides*, etc. A proverbial expression. Clarke says that it "had its origin in the Puritans' denouncement of music and dancing."

The first three quartos give this speech to the Prince, the other early eds. to Falstaff. It seems to be the reply to the hostess's address, making light of her alarm.

491. *Mad*. The reading of the 3d and 4th folios; the other early eds. have "made." The passage is a troublesome one. Malone says: "Perhaps Falstaff means to say: We must now look to ourselves; never call that which is real danger, fictitious or imaginary. If you do, you are a madman, though you are not reckoned one. Should you admit the sheriff to enter here, you will deserve that appellation." Vaughan explains it, "Do not pretend to pass yourself off as merely simulating the madcap when you are veritably and actually mad." This interpretation, he thinks, is confirmed by the Prince's reply, "And thou a natural

coward, without instinct," which means "As I need no simulation to make me a madman, so you need no instinct to make you a coward, for you are by nature a coward." White says: "Falstaff, endeavoring to play out the play, in spite of the interruption, attributes the Prince's undervaluation of himself (Falstaff) to madness." Wright gives essentially the same explanation, and, on the whole, it seems the best.

494. *Major.* Ritson says: "Falstaff clearly intends a quibble between the principal officer of a corporation, now called a *mayor*, to whom the *sheriff* is generally next in rank, and one of the parts of a logical proposition." Vaughan says that Holinshed uses *major* in this sense of *mayor:* "the major being present with the shiriffes, chamberlain, and swordbearer," etc.

496. *Cart.* That is, the cart in which the criminal was borne to execution.

499. *Behind the arras.* Johnson doubted whether a man of Falstaff's bulk could be concealed behind the tapestry; but Malone says: "When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the bare walls of houses and castles. But this practice was soon discontinued; for after the damp of the stone or brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such a distance from the wall as prevented the latter from being injurious to the former. In old houses, therefore, long before the time of S., there were large spaces left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk." Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 163, iii. 3. 28, iv. 1. 9, *Much Ado*, i. 3. 63, *M. W.* iii. 3. 97, etc.

506. *Hue and cry.* The pursuit of a felon by horn and voice; a legal process.

517. *Entreat you leave.* For the omission of the infinitive *to*, cf. i. 3. 159 above.

519. *Three hundred marks.* Two hundred pounds.

523. *Good morrow.* The customary salutation for "good morning;" not used after noon. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 151, ii. 3. 34, etc.

525. *Paul's.* That is, St. Paul's Church, which was a general resort for business and amusement as well as for worship. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 58: "I bought him in Paul's," etc.

527. *Peto.* This and the following speeches assigned to Peto in the old eds. were transferred to *Poins* by Steevens, at the suggestion of Johnson; and the change is adopted by many of the modern editors. It is possible that the prefix to the speeches in the Ms. was simply "*P.*," and that the early printers misunderstood it. As Poins has been the Prince's companion and confidant before, he is more likely to be the one who remains with him here after the others have gone "above." "On the other hand," as the Cambridge editors remark, "the formal 'Good morrow, good my lord' is appropriate to Peto rather than to Poins, who was on much more familiar terms with the Prince, and rarely addresses him in this play except as 'Hal.'"

536. *Sack, two gallons,* etc. In 1578 sack was sixpence a quart, or two shillings a gallon. Later in the time of S. it was 8½*d.* a quart (Malone).

539. *Ob.* The abbreviation of *obolus* (the Greek small coin) and = halfpenny.

546. *His death,* etc. It will kill him to march twelve-score yards. *Twelve-score,* in the language of archery, meant so many *yards.* Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 34: "as easily as a cannon will shoot pointblank twelve-score;" and 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 52: "a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half," etc.

547. *With advantage.* With interest; as in *M. of V.* i. 3. 71, etc.

ACT III

SCENE I. — 2. *Induction.* Beginning; used technically of a play. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 5: "A dire induction am I witness to," etc.

6. *I have forgot the map.* "A characteristic touch; just such a

one, apparently slight, but most true to nature, that S. so loves to throw in."

13. *At my nativity*, etc. Holinshed says: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man." See on i. 3. 83.

15. *Cressets.* Open lamps, or burners, which were set up as beacons or carried on poles. Cotgrave defines *falot* as "a cresset light (such as they use in play-houses) made of ropes wreathed, pitched, and put into small and open cages of iron." North, in his *Plutarch*, speaks of "a cresset-light upon the top of a kepe, or watch-tower." Cf. Milton, *P. L.* i. 728: —

> "Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
> With naphtha and asphaltus," etc.

17. *Shak'd.* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 319: "I shak'd you, sir," etc. It is also used as the participle (see on i. 3. 178); as in *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 124, etc. Just below (23, 25, 35) we have *shook*.

27. *Diseased nature*, etc. "The poet has here taken, from the perverseness and contrariousness of Hotspur's temper, an opportunity of raising his character, by a very rational and philosophical confutation of superstitious error" (Johnson). Wright remarks that Hotspur's theory of earthquakes agrees with Pliny's (*Nat. Hist.* ii. 79).

31. *Enlargement.* Escape, liberation. Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 5: "give enlargement to the swain," etc. So *enlarged* = set at liberty, in iii. 2. 115 below.

32. *Beldam.* Aged; like *grandam* just below. See also *R. of L.* 953, 1458, and *K. John*, iv. 2. 185. The word is "not a direct adoption of the Fr. *belle dame*, 'fair lady,' but formed upon *dam*, earlier *dame*, in its English sense of 'mother,' with *bel* employed to express relationship, as in *belsire*" (*New Eng. Dict.*). Originally = *grandmother*, it came to be used for *great-grandmother*, or a more remote ancestress, and any aged woman. Spenser applies it to an "aged nurse" in *F. Q.* iii. 2. 43. At last it got a "depreciative sense."

34. *Distemperature* = disorder. Cf. v. 1. 3 below.

35. *Passion.* Pain, suffering.

41. *Extraordinary.* Always six syllables in S. Cf. iii. 2. 78.

44. *Clipp'd in with.* Enclosed by. Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 34: "Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about," etc. For *with* = by, cf. i. 3. 50 above.

45. *Chides.* Roars around. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 197: "As doth a rock against the chiding flood;" *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 7: "And churlish chiding of the winter's wind," etc. In *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 120, it is applied to the barking of dogs. *Banks* = shores; as in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 525, etc.

48. *Trace.* Track, follow. Cf. *Macb.* iv. 1. 153: —

> "His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
> That trace him in his line."

49. *Hold me pace.* Keep pace with me; which is the expression S. uses elsewhere (*Sonn.* 51. 13 and *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 445). *Art* refers to magic; as *deep experiments* also does.

53. *Vasty.* A word used by S. three times in *Hen. V.* (prol. 12, ii. 2. 123, and ii. 4. 105), but elsewhere only in *M. of V.* ii. 7. 41.

58. *Shame the devil.* "Speak the truth, and shame the devil" is a very old proverb. Ray gives it in his collection, 1670.

63. *Unprofitable chat.* Cf. *V. and A.* 422: "this bootless chat."

64. *Made head.* Raised an army. Cf. iv. 1. 80 and iv. 4. 25 below. See also i. 3. 283 above.

68. *Without boots.* See on ii. 1. 83 above.

74. *Hitherto.* To this spot; pointing to the map.

80. *Indentures tripartite.* Triple agreement; that is, drawn up in three corresponding copies. See on i. 3. 87 above.

81. *Sealed interchangeably.* Each copy signed by all three contracting persons.

85. *Power.* Army. See on i. 1. 22 above.

92. *Conduct.* Escort; as in 195 below, *Temp.* v. 1. 244, *Rich. III.* i. 1. 45, *R. and J.* v. 3. 116, etc.

96. *Moiety.* Often used, as here, for a portion other than a half; as in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 26, etc.

98. *Cranking.* Winding, or bending. Cf. *V. and A.* 682: "He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles." See also the noun *crank* in *Cor.* i. 1. 141. For the expletive *me*, see on ii. 4. 102 above.

100. *Cantle.* Piece. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 10. 6: "The greater cantle of the world;" Drayton, *Polyolbion:* "Rude Neptune cutting in a cantle forth doth take," etc.

101. *Damm'd.* The 1st quarto profanely reads "damnd," and the folios "damn'd."

102. *Smug.* Trim, spruce; used playfully here. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 1. 49: "A beggar that was used to come so smug upon the mart." The folio has the word in *Lear*, iv. 6. 202: "like a smug bridegroom" (omitted in quartos).

103. *Fair and evenly.* That is, fairly and evenly. For the ellipsis of the adverbial inflection, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 224: "look fresh and merrily;" *Oth.* iii. 4. 79: "so startingly and rash," etc.

104. *Indent.* The only instance of the noun in S. Cf. the verb in *A. Y. L.* iv. 3. 113: "And with indented glides did slip away," etc.

109. *Gelding.* For the metaphorical use, cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 149: "Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is."

111. *Charge.* Expense, outlay. See on i. 1. 35 above.

113. *Straight and even.* There are many such imperfect lines in this play, all of which have been tinkered by Pope and others. The changes are often plausible enough, but I prefer to follow the early eds., as the majority of the recent editors do.

121. *For I was train'd*, etc. For the history of Glendower, see on i. 3. 83 above.

123. *Lovely.* For the adverbial use, cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 68: "lovely fair, etc."

124. *The tongue.* "The English language" (Johnson). Ritson thought the meaning to be "that he graced his own tongue with

the art of singing." Vaughan suggests that Glendower may have pretended not only to speak the language well, "but also to have improved its structure by his English compositions." This was the age of Chaucer and of Gower, of the latter of whom Holinshed says: "He studied . . . to *garnish the English tongue* in bringing it from a rude unperfectness unto a more apt elegancie," etc.

128. *Ballad-mongers.* Contemptuous for "ballad-makers" (*W. T.* v. 2. 27, etc.).

129. *Canstick.* The quarto reading; the folios have "candlestick" (cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 45). *Canstick* represents a common pronunciation of the word, and that spelling sometimes occurs in prose; as in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584. Steevens quotes Chapman's *Homer:* "The middle rounds of cansticks," etc. The noise to which Hotspur alludes was particularly associated with Lothbury, the district of pewterers and candlestick-makers, behind the Bank of England in London. Stow says that the name is derived from the loathsome noise made by these metal-workers. Cf. *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, 1636: —

> "As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,
> Where they turn brazen candlesticks."

132. *Mincing.* Affected. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 67: "mincing steps;" *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 31: "Saving your mincing," etc.

141. *The writer.* That is, the writer of the indentures.

142. *Break with.* Broach the subject to; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 44: "now will we break with him," etc.

146. *I cannot choose.* I cannot help it; as often, with or without *but.* Cf. i. 3. 278 above and v. 2. 45 below. *Sometime* is used by S. interchangeably with *sometimes.*

147. *Moldwarp.* Mole. See Holinshed, p. 158 above. In *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559 (cited by Steevens), Glendower is introduced speaking of himself thus: —

> "And for to set us hereon more agog,
> A prophet came (a vengeaunce take them all!)

Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
Whom Merlyn doth a mouldwarp ever call,
Accurs'd of God, that must be brought in thrall,
By a wulf, a dragon, and a lyon strong,
Which shuld devide his kingdome them among."

148. *Merlin.* The old magician of the Arthurian legends is again referred to in *Lear*, iii. 2. 95 : "This prophecy Merlin shall make."

150. *Moulten.* Moulting. Cf. *disdain'd* = disdaining, in i. 3. 183 above.

151. *Ramping.* Rampant ; used by S. only in the participle.

152. *Skimble-skamble.* Wandering, wild, confused. Steevens quotes Taylor the Water-Poet : "Here's a sweet deal of scimble-scamble stuff."

153. *My faith.* That is, my Christian faith.

155. *The several devils' names.* "See Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, book xv. ch. ii. p. 377, where the reader may find his patience as severely exercised as that of Hotspur, and on the same occasion. S. must certainly have seen this book" (Steevens). *Several* = separate, different ; as often.

158. *A railing wife*, etc. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 5860 : —

"Thou saist, that dropping hous, and eek *smoke*,
And *chyding wyves* maken men to fle
Out of here oughne hous."

Vaughan remarks : "It is singular that S. should have combined two annoyances commemorated together by an old Welsh proverb which I would thus translate : —

"'Three things will drive a man from home :
A roof which leaks,
A house which reeks,
A wife who scolds whene'er she speaks.'"

161. *Cates.* Dainties. There is a play upon the word in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 190 : "For dainties are all Kates."

162. *Summer-house.* Country-house.

164. *Profited*, etc. "Skilled in wonderful secrets" (Johnson).

175. *Wilful-blame.* Wilfully to blame. The hyphen is not in the old eds. Cf. *wilful-negligent* (*W. T.* i. 2. 255, hyphened in the folio) and *wilful-slow* (*Sonn.* 51. 13). The present compound is peculiar, as the second part is not an adjective. It is not, however, without precedent.

177. *Patience.* A trisyllable; as not unfrequently. Cf. i. 3. 200 above.

179. *Blood.* High spirit, mettle.

180. *Dearest.* Best, most precious. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 9: "all dear grace," etc.

181. *Present.* Show, indicate. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 266: "Presented thee more hideous than thou art," etc.

183. *Opinion.* Self-conceit. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 6: "audacious without impudency, learned without opinion," etc.

187. *Beguiling.* Cheating, robbing; as in *Oth.* i. 3. 210, etc. Clarke remarks here: "How sagely yet simply Shakespeare reads his moral lessons to high as well as to low, and what a wise precept may men of distinguished birth and station derive from this little speech!" *Commendation* is metrically five syllables.

188. *Be your speed!* Give you good fortune! Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 222: "Hercules be thy speed!"

190. *Spite.* Vexation. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 189: "Cursed spite," etc.

194. *My aunt Percy.* She was his sister, not his aunt. See on i. 1. 38 above.

195. *Conduct.* See on 92 above.

196. *A peevish self-willed harlotry.* Old Capulet uses the same expression in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 14. White remarks: "It was used with as little meaning of reproach in Elizabeth's time as *slut* was in Queen Anne's, or as Lady Percy implies in calling her restive husband *thief* in the latter part of the present scene." See also on ii. 4. 394 above.

200. *Those swelling heavens.* That is, her eyes swollen with tears; though Steevens explained it as her "prominent lips." *That*

pretty Welsh is "the lover-husband's epithet for those speaking tears she sheds, and with which he would, *but for shame*, answer her" (Clarke).

204. *Feeling.* Making itself felt, heartfelt; with a play upon the word (Schmidt). Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 75: "a feeling loss," etc.

207. *Highly penn'd.* That is, "in so high a style" (*Much Ado*, v. 2. 6).

209. *Division.* Musical "variation." Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 29: "the lark makes sweet division."

212. *The wanton rushes. Wanton* here = luxurious (Schmidt). The *rushes* are those with which floors were strewn, even in palaces. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 289: "the presence [presence-chamber] strew'd;" *T. of S.* iv. 1. 48: "Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept?" See also *R. of L.* 316: —

> "And being lighted, by the light he spies
> Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
> He takes it from the rushes where it lies."

Sweet-smelling herbs were sometimes mixed with these rushes, which ordinarily were allowed to remain several days, or even weeks, and often became very dirty and unsavoury. It was thought to be a piece of unnecessary luxury, on the part of Wolsey, when he wisely caused the rushes of Hampton Court to be changed every day. We have frequent allusions to them in the books of the period. Froissart says: "The Count de St. Foix went to his chamber, which he found ready strewed with rushes and green leaves, and the walls hung with boughs newly cut for perfume." Sir Thomas More (1483) describes Elizabeth, the widowed Queen of Edward IV., when in the sanctuary at Westminster, as "sitting alone amongst the rushes in her grief and distress." Bradshaw, in the *Lyfe of Saynt Werburge* (1500), writes: —

> "All herbes and flowres fragrant, fayre, and sweete,
> Were strewed in halls, and layd under theyr feet."

The last monarch whose presence-chamber was thus carpeted was Queen Elizabeth.

215. *On your eyelids*, etc. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster:* —

> "who shall take up his lute,
> And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
> Upon my eyelid;"

and Chapman, *Odyssey:* —

> "Sleep, with all crowns crown'd,
> Subdued the savage."

Crown here = "instate as master" (Schmidt), give full sway to.

217. *Making such difference*, etc. "She will lull you by her song into soft tranquillity, in which you shall be so near to sleep as to be free from perturbation, and so much awake as to be sensible of pleasure; a state partaking of sleep and wakefulness, as the twilight of night and day" (Johnson).

222. *Our book*. Our indentures. In *Cymb.* v. 4. 133, the paper containing the oracle of Jupiter is called a *book*.

224. *And those musicians*, etc. "S. has introduced supernatural music into his plays more than once, and always with exquisite effect. Here we may imagine that the Welsh chieftain has some such instrument as an Æolian harp placed under the control of one of his people, commissioned, at a signal, to set it playing. The poet has introduced such a one among the Welsh mountains in his play of *Cymbeline*. The air of mystery with which Glendower chooses to invest its sound, by attributing it to the agency of spiritual musicians, is in accordance with his assuming to himself the ability to summon spirits of the air, and to call spirits from the vasty deep; while the self-deception thus practised, at the same time that he seeks to deceive others, is consistent with the conduct of those who give forth delusion as truth, until they themselves have a strange delusive belief in the truth of their own fabrications. Yet, while the poet leaves us scope to give this realistic accounting

for the Cambrian prince's music, he so orders it that the effect on our imaginations is thoroughly ideal; and we accept this supernatural music with as implicit a faith as Glendower himself could desire" (Clarke). Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 186 fol.

231. *Humorous.* Capricious, wayward; as often.

234. *Lie still, ye thief.* Indicating Hotspur's characteristic restlessness.

236. *Lady, my brach.* A *brach* was a term for a female hound. Nares quotes *Gentleman's Recreation:* "A *brach* is a mannerly name for all hound bitches." Furnivall cites J. Cay's *English Dogs*, in Topsell's *Four-footed Beasts*, 1607: "And allbeit some of this sort [bloodhounds] in English be called *Brache*, in Scottish, *Rache*, the cause thereof resteth in the she-sex, and not in the general kinde. For we Englishmen call Bitches belonging to the hunting kind of Dogs, by the tearms above mentioned." Cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 125: "the lady brach," etc. For *howl in Irish*, cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 119: "howling of Irish wolves."

240. *'T is a woman's fault.* "Hotspur's bantering way of telling his wife that her sex will neither hear reason nor be silent" (Clarke). The expression was proverbial, as Steevens shows by sundry quotations.

244. *In good sooth.* In very truth. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 1, etc.

249. *Sarcenet.* A thin silk fabric; here used contemptuously = soft, delicate.

250. *As if*, etc. That is, as if you were a common city dame. *Finsbury*, now a crowded quarter of London, was then a comparatively open district just outside the walls and a favourite resort of the citizens.

Clarke remarks here: "Very characteristic of Harry Percy is his wishing his wife to abjure mincing oaths, and to come out with good round sonorous ones. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth's wonted imprecations were of this kind; and some of them, recorded as being familiar in her mouth, were of a character sufficiently potential to become the lips of the daughter of Henry VIII., and warrant the

dramatist in making Hotspur say '*Like a lady* as thou art' to his wife."

253. *Protest of pepper-gingerbread.* Gingerbread protestations; in keeping with *like a comfit-maker's wife* above. *Pepper-gingerbread* was *spiced* gingerbread.

254. *Velvet-guards.* Velvet trimmings; that is, women that wear them. For *guards* = facings, trimmings, cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 289: "The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither;" and Stubbes, *Anatomie of Abuses:* "The cloaks, doublets, &c., were guarded with velvet guards, or else laced with costly lace." Of women's gowns Stubbes says: "they must be guarded with great guards of velvet, every guard four or six fingers broad at the least." It is evident that the fashion was a *city* one. *Sunday-citizens;* that is, in their Sunday clothes.

257. *The next way.* The nearest way; as in ii. 1. 10 above. *Tailors*, like weavers (see on ii. 4. 132), were noted for singing at their work. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Knight of the Burning Pestle:* "Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work; his mind is on nothing but filching." *Red-breast teacher* = a trainer of singing-birds. "Very like Hotspur's variability is his first urging his wife to sing, and then — finding her steadily refuse — agreeing with her, by giving singing and music a parting fleer" (Clarke).

SCENE II. — 1. *Give us leave.* A courteous form of dismissal. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 7: "Give leave awhile," etc.

5. *Service.* For *action;* with the idea that he is a *servant* of God.

7. *Revengement.* Used by S. nowhere else.

8. *Thy passages of life.* The passages, or actions, of thy life; a very common transposition in such clauses. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 70: "my pith of business;" *A. and C.* iv. 6. 39: "My latter part of life," etc.

11. *Mistreadings.* Transgressions; used by S. only here.

12. *Inordinate.* Irregular, intemperate. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 311: "every inordinate cup is unblessed."

13. *Lewd.* Vile, base; as often (not = licentious). Cf. *T. of S.* v. 3. 65: "A velvet dish! fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy." See also *Acts*, xvii. 5; and cf. *lewdness* in *Acts*, xviii. 14. *Attempts* = undertakings, or pursuits. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 136: —

> "No, it is Casca; one incorporate
> To our attempts," etc.

19. *Quit.* Excuse, clear myself from; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 1. 11: —

> "Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
> Of what we think against thee," etc.

20. *Doubtless.* We cannot now say *I am doubtless that*, etc.; in other words, we do not use *doubtless* as an adjective, but only as an adverb. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 1. 130: —

> "And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure
> That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
> Will not offend thee."

22. *Yet such extenuation*, etc. "The construction is somewhat obscure. Let me beg so much extenuation, that *upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true*" (Johnson).

25. *Pick-thanks.* "Officious parasites. So in the tragedy of *Miriam*, 1613: 'Base pick-thank devil!'" (Steevens). S. may have taken the word from Holinshed, who says: "Thus were the father and the son reconciled, betwixt whom the said pick-thanks had sown division."

27. *Hath faulty wander'd and irregular.* Hath gone astray, faulty and lawless.

28. *Submission.* A quadrisyllable; like *succession* in 99 below.

30. *Affections.* Tastes, inclinations; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 7, *Ham.* iii. 1. 170, etc.

31. *From.* Away from; as in *Temp.* i. 1. 65, *J. C.* i. 3. 35, etc. Cf. the play on *from* in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 258.

32. *Thy place in council*, etc. This is an anachronism, as the Prince was removed from the council for striking the Lord Chief-justice Gascoigne in 1403, some years after the battle of Shrewsbury. His brother, the Duke of Clarence, was appointed President of the Council in his place. *Rudely* = "by thy violent conduct" (Vaughan).

38. *Do.* The form is to be explained by the plural implied in *every man.*

42. *Opinion.* Public opinion, reputation. Cf. iv. 1. 77 and v. 4. 48 below.

43. *To possession.* That is, to the king *in possession*, or the possessor of the crown.

48. *That. So* that; as very often.

50. *I stole all courtesy from heaven.* "'I rendered my courtesy more gracious by imbuing it with perpetual references to heaven.' This is fully illustrated by the style in which S. makes Bolingbroke speak at the outset of his career, as we see him in the poet's page" (Clarke). Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 30 fol., 1, 3. 35 fol., etc. Wright explains *stole* more simply as = "took so that no one observed it to be assumed," and suggests comparing the passage with *Rich. II.* i. 4. 23–34.

59. *Won.* The quartos have "wan" or "wanne," an old form of *won*, the folio reading. *Solemnity* = stateliness, dignity. Cf. *Sonn.* 52. 5: —

> "Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
> Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
> Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
> Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

60. *Skipping.* Flighty, frivolous. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 771: "All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;" *M. of V.* ii. 2. 196: —

> "Pray thee, take pain
> To allay with some cold drops of modesty
> Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
> I be misconstrued," etc.

For the contemptuous use of *ambled*, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 1. 17, *R. and J.* i. 4. 11, and *Ham.* iii. 1. 151.

61. *Rash bavin wits.* *Rash* implies easily set on fire or excited (cf. "rash gunpowder" in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 48); and *bavin* (literally = brushwood) soon burning out. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 33: "His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last." Steevens quotes Lyly, *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "Bavins [faggots] will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other;" and Greene, *Never Too Late*, 1606: "Love is like a bavin, but a blaze." Vaughan remarks that in the statutes of Harrow School, founded in the 16th century, there is a provision for the supply of "ash bavins" to light fires.

62. *Carded his state.* Schmidt explains *carded* as "mixed, debased by mixing." The word is used in this sense by Bacon (referring to a mixing or blending of liquors), Greene, and other writers of the time; and the following *mingled* favours that explanation here. Ritson makes *carded* = "played away (as a man loses his fortune) at *cards*."

63. *Capering.* The word is in good keeping with *skipping*.

65. *Gave his countenance*, etc. "Gave his sanction, contrary to the dignity of his royal name" (Clarke).

66. *Stand the push of.* Expose himself to the thrusts of. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 137: —

> "To stand the push and enmity of those
> This quarrel would excite."

See also 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 40.

67. *Comparative.* "A dealer in comparisons, one who affects wit" (Schmidt). Cf. the use of the adjective in i. 2. 83 above.

69. *Enfeoff'd himself.* Made himself subservient, gave himself entirely up. To *enfeoff* is a law term = to give up to absolute possession.

70. *That.* *So* that; as in 48 above and iv. 3. 24 below.

77. *Community.* Commonness, familiarity.

78. *Extraordinary.* See on iii. 1. 41 above.

82. *Aspect.* Used actively, as in *C. of E.* ii. 2. 113: "Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects." S. always accents the word on the last syllable.

83. *Cloudy men.* That is, men with "cloudy brow" (2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 155) or "cloudy looks" (*P. P.* 312). See also *Temp.* ii. 1. 142.

85. *In that very line.* Cf. i. 3. 168 above.

87. *With vile participation.* By base companionship.

88. *Aweary.* Cf. *M. N. D.* v. i. 255, *M. of V.* i. 2. 2, *Macb.* v. 5. 49, etc.

94. *To this hour.* Up to this hour.

98. *Interest to.* Claim to, right to. Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 89: "Acquainted me with interest to this land."

99. *Succession.* A quadrisyllable here. Cf. *submission* in 28 above.

100. *Colour.* Pretext; as often. Cf. the verb in i. 3. 109 above.

101. *Harness.* Armour; as in *Macb.* v. 5. 52, *A. and C.* iv. 8. 15, etc.

103. *No more in debt to years*, etc. Hotspur was in fact some twenty years older than Prince Henry.

104. *Ancient lords*, etc. Like his father, and uncle, and the Archbishop Scroop.

105. *Bruising arms.* "Where the defensive armour was such as to defy penetration in most parts by sharp weapons, but not so capable of protecting its wearer from the effects of blows and falls, contusion was probably the most common form of suffering in battle, on the part of the highest class of combatants" (Vaughan).

109. *Majority.* Superiority, pre-eminence; the only instance of the word in S.

110. *Capital.* Chief, principal; as in *Hen. V.* v. 2. 96: "our capital demand," etc.

112. *Swathing.* The 1st, 2d, and 3d quartos have "swathling," which the Cambridge editors adopt. We find "swathing clothes"

again in *Cymb.* i. 1. 59. In *Ham.* ii. 2. 401 the folio has "swathing clouts," the quartos "swaddling clouts."

115. *Enlarged him.* Set him free. See on iii. 1. 31 above.

119. *The Archbishop's grace of York.* His grace the Archbishop of York. The form of expression is now unusual except in the phrase, *the King's* or *Queen's Majesty.*

120. *Capitulate.* Conspire, form a league. *Up* = up in arms; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 189.

123. *Near'st and dearest.* Contracted superlatives (often very harsh) are common in S. For *dearest enemy*, cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 182: "my dearest foe." Here the word has the double sense of intensity and affection.

124. *Like.* Likely; as in v. 4. 39 below, etc. Cf. *'t is like* in i. 2. 181 above.

125. *The start of spleen.* The impulse of caprice. For *spleen*, cf. ii. 3. 78 above.

136. *Favour.* Face. The "favours" of the early eds. is retained by some of the modern editors, who make it = features. It occurs again in *Lear*, iii. 7. 40: "my hospitable favours." Steevens explains "favours" as the "decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets;" and compares v. 4. 96 below: "But let my favours hide thy mangled face"—where the Prince must have meant his scarf. The context, with the reference to a *mask* and *washing*, decidedly supports the sense of "face," for which the singular *favour* is regularly used.

138. *Lights.* Dawns, shines (Schmidt). Some explain it as "happens, falls."

151. *Worship of his time.* The homage paid him; the honour done him.

154. *If He be pleas'd I shall perform.* The reading of the quartos; the folio has "if I performe, and doe survive." White considers that the latter is "fully sustained, if not made imperative, by" 157 below; but his not surviving is sufficiently implied in his not performing what he promises. It is probable that the change

in the folio was made on account of the substitution of "Heaven" for *God* in 153. It is true that we have *Heaven* treated as masculine in two instances in *K. John* (iii. 1. 155 and v. 7. 60); but there the *Heaven* may be a substitution for *God* in the manuscript. In the present passage the quarto reading is on the face of it the better one, and is adopted by the great majority of the editors.

156. *Intemperance.* Used in the general sense of want of self-control; as in *Macb.* iv. 3. 66, the only other instance of the word in S.

157. *Bands.* Bonds; as in *Rich. II.* i. 1. 2: "according to the oath and band," etc.

164. *Lord Mortimer of Scotland.* George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland, was the person. Holinshed refers to him as "the Scot, the Earl of March," and S. confounded the surnames.

167. *Head.* Army. See on i. 3. 283 above.

172. *Advertisement.* Intelligence. In iv. 1. 36 below it means instruction or advice; as in *A. W.* iv. 3. 240, etc.

177. *Our business valued.* Our business being estimated, considering what we have to do.

180. *Feeds him.* That is, feeds himself. The meaning of the line is: our enemies are gaining by our delay. Pope changed *men* to "we;" but the King makes his statement general, as if quoting a proverb.

SCENE III. — 2. *Bate.* Abate; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 122, where there is a play upon the word.

4. *Apple-john.* A variety of apple that becomes shrivelled with keeping. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 5: "a dish of apple-johns" (note the context).

6. *In some liking.* In tolerable condition, in good flesh. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 57: "I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking."

9. *A brewer's horse.* The point of this comparison was a matter

of dispute with the editors of a century ago. Boswell suggested that the key to it was to be found in a conundrum in *The Devil's Cabinet Opened:* "What is the difference between a drunkard and a brewer's horse? Because the one carries all his liquor on his back and the other in his belly." *Malt-horse* is used as a term of contempt in *C. of E.* iii. 1. 32 and *T. of S.* iv. 1. 132; also by Jonson in *Every Man in his Humour* and *Bartholomew Fair.*

18. *In good compass.* Within reasonable limits. Cf. *Oth.* iv. 2. 224: "Within reason and compass," etc. Bardolph, in his reply, plays upon the word.

25. *The lantern in the poop.* The admiral's ship was distinguished by a light at the stern. Steevens quotes Dekker, *Wonderful Yeare*, 1603: "An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his nose. The Hamburghers offered I know not how many dollars for his companie in an East-India voyage, to have stoode a nights in the Poope of their Admirall, only to save the charge of candles." Malone remarks that it was a very old joke, and cites *A Dialogue* by William Bulleyne, 1564: "Marie, this friar, though he did rise to the quere by darcke night, he needed no candell, his nose was so redd and brighte; and although he had but little money in store in his purse, yet his nose and cheeks were well set with curral and rubies." For *admiral* as applied to the ship, cf. *A. and C.* iii. 10. 2 and the quotation from Dekker above.

32. *Dives.* See *Luke*, xvi. 19 fol.

35. *That 's God's angel.* Omitted in the folios, as in the quartos after the 2d; by which "extrusion," as Henley remarks, "the intended antithesis is lost." Vaughan thinks that Falstaff alludes to *Hebrews*, i. 7; but *Exodus*, iii. 2 seems to me more probable. Wright refers to *Hebrews*, i. 7 and *Psalms*, civ. 4.

37. *Utter.* The word was originally = *outer* (cf. *Matthew*, viii. 12), as in the quotation from Holinshed on p. 155 above. It is found in this sense in *Ezekiel*, xlii. 1: "into the utter court." So in Hall, *Hen. IV.:* "the vtter court of the castle;" and Chapman, *Homer:* —

" Achilles left that utter part where he his zeal applied,
And turn'd into his inner tent," etc.

41. *Triumph.* A public festivity of any kind. The allusion is to the attendant bonfires and illuminations. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 19 : " With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling," etc.

43. *Links.* A kind of torches. In the time of S., when the streets were not lighted with lamps, candles and lanterns to let were cried about London. Steevens quotes Dekker, *Satiromastix :* " dost roar ? thou hast a good rouncival voice to cry lantern and candlelight ; " Heywood, *Rape of Lucrece :* —

" Lanthorn and candlelight here,
Maid ha' light here,
Thus go the cries," etc.

45. *As good cheap.* Originally = at as good a bargain (Fr. *à bon marché*). Florio translates the Italian *buon mercato* by " good-cheape, a good bargain." *Cheap* (= market) is found in *Cheapside*, *Eastcheap*, and other London names. See on 1. 2. 135 above.

52. *God-a-mercy !* God have mercy ! omitted in the folio, like *'Sblood* just above.

53. *Heart-burned.* The noun *heart-burn* is still popularly used for a pain in the stomach. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 4.

54. *Dame Partlet.* The name of the hen in *Reynard the Fox*. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 75 : " By thy Dame Partlet here."

71. *Dowlas.* A coarse kind of linen — coarse enough, according to Sir John, to make *bolters* or sieves for meal.

75. *Eight shillings an ell.* Malone remarks : " Falstaff's shirts, according to this calculation, would come to about 22*s.* [$5.50] apiece ; and we learn from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses* that the shirt of the meanest man cost at least five shillings. He thus concludes his invective upon this subject : ' In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillynges, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pounde a peece,' " etc. Moreover, the

"purchasing power" of money was then from seven to ten times what it now is.

76. *By-drinkings.* Drinkings between meals; a word used by S. nowhere else.

82. *Denier.* The smallest of coins. Cf. *T. of S.* ind. 1. 9 and *Rich. III.* i. 2. 252.

83. *Younker.* "Youngling" (*T. of S.* ii. 1. 339, etc.), greenhorn. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 24: "Trimm'd like a younker," etc.

Take mine ease in mine inn was a proverbial expression. Percy cites among other examples of it, the following from Heywood: "To let the world wag, and take mine ease in mine inne." Cf. *The Pilgrim's Tale* in Furnivall's ed. of Thynne's *Animadversions:* —

> "but in myne In, or euer I toke my eace [*orig.* to my cace], to walke about, it did me best pleace."

88. *Jack.* See on ii. 4. 11 above, and cf. also 145 and v. 4. 140 below. *Sneak-cup* is found nowhere else, and apparently means one who sneaks from his cup or shirks his drink.

91. *Is the wind in that door?* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 102: "Is 't possible? sits the wind in that corner?"

93. *Newgate fashion.* That is, as criminals were conveyed to Newgate prison, fastened two and two together.

116. *A stewed prune.* Associated with houses of ill fame, and perhaps contemptuous on that account.

117. *A drawn fox.* "A fox scented and driven from cover; such a one being supposed to be full of tricks" (Schmidt).

118. *Maid Marian.* A character in the morris-dances, often personated by a man in female attire. She was originally Robin Hood's mistress.

119. *The deputy's wife of the ward to thee.* The wife of the deputy of the ward (the police-officer of the district) compared with thee; that is, a woman of better standing.

133. *Neither fish nor flesh.* Alluding to the proverb, "Neither fish nor flesh, nor good red herring" (Steevens).

140. *This other day.* The other day; as in *Lear*, i. 2. 153: "a prediction I read this other day."

141. *Ought.* Owed; found nowhere else in S., and doubtless intended here as a vulgarism. For its earlier use, cf. Wiclif's Bible, *Luke*, vii. 41: "oon oughte fyve hundrid pens, and the tother fifty;" and the Bible of 1551: "the one ought fiue hundred pence," etc.

158. *I pray God my girdle break.* The allusion is not clear. Steevens cites *The Phantastick Age:* "Ungirt, unblest, the proverbe sayes," etc. Malone remarks: "The wish had more force formerly than at present, it being once the custom to wear the purse hanging by the girdle; so that its breaking, if not observed by the wearer, was a serious matter."

164. *Embossed.* Protuberant, swollen. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 67: "embossed sores and headed evils," etc.

167. *Injuries.* "As the *pocketing of injuries* was a common phrase, I suppose, the Prince calls the contents of Falstaff's pocket *injuries*" (Steevens). Johnson thought that a part of the dialogue had been lost, and that Falstaff had declared, in referring to the pretended robbery, that he would not pocket up wrongs or injuries; but Steevens's explanation is doubtless the correct one.

174. *You confess, then,* etc. "The quick-wittedness of Sir John in gathering from the Prince's speech that he had been the pickpocket, the rapidity with which he makes this the means of turning defence into accusation, the readiness he shows to forgive the theft when he finds who is the thief, the sudden change of tone towards the hostess — *forgiving her* when she had been charging him with offences that could only be forgiven by her untiring partiality and leniency — are all in the finest spirit of Falstaffian humour" (Clarke).

180. *Pacified. — Still?* Hanmer's pointing, generally adopted by the editors. The early eds. have "pacified still," which Wright adopts, making *still* = "nevertheless."

191. *With unwashed hands.* Without waiting to wash your hands, or immediately (Steevens and Schmidt). Clarke quotes

K. John, iii. 1. 234: "No longer than we well could wash our hands;" and *Cymb.* v. 5. 484:—

"Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace."

It has been suggested that there may also be an allusion to the sense, "don't wash your hands of it"—trying to excuse yourself and leave us to pay the penalty.

203. *Go bear this letter*, etc. This is printed as verse in the early eds. and in some of the modern ones.

208. *The Temple Hall.* The Hall of the Inner Temple, still standing in London, and one of the finest specimens of Elizabethan architecture in England. *Twelfth Night* was performed there in February, 1601–2. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 3.

210. *Furniture.* Furnishing, equipment. In *T. of S.* iv. 3. 182, it is applied to dress, and in *A. W.* ii. 3. 65, to the trappings of a horse.

214. *Drum.* Probably = headquarters, or rallying-place.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—3. *Attribution.* Ascription of merit, praise.

The Douglas. This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of *the* Douglas family; as often in Scott's poems.

4. *As.* That; as often in such construction. For the figure, cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 256.

6. *Defy.* Disdain, despise. Cf. i. 3. 227 above.

7. *Soothers* = flatterers; the only instance of the noun in S. Cf. the verb in *Cor.* i. 9. 44 and ii. 2. 77. *Braver* = better, nobler. Cf. v. 2. 87 below.

9. *Task me*, etc. Challenge me to act up to my word, test me. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 52: "I task the earth to the like," etc. For *approve* = prove, test, cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 68:—

"On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love;"

Much Ado, ii. 1. 394: "of approved valour," etc.

11. *No man so potent*, etc. "*So* is not used to institute comparison with Percy as *the king of honour;* but *so* is used in the sense of *howsoever:* there is no man howsoever potent, living upon the earth, but I will dare or confront him. This is said in continuation of a conversation that is going on when the scene opens; where Hotspur replies *Well said, my noble Scot*, in answer to some promise from Douglas of seconding him in his opposition to the King" (Clarke).

16. *Grievous.* Adverbial; as in *Rich. II.* i. 4. 54 (where the folios have "very").

18. *Justling.* Pressing, busy. Blakeway quotes the *Hellenica* of Xenophon, where Epaminondas, being told on the evening before the battle of Leuctra that an officer of distinction has died in his tent, exclaims, "Good gods! how could anybody find time to die in such a conjuncture?"

24. *Fear'd.* Feared for; as in iv. 2. 58 below. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 122: "do not fear our person," etc.

25. *Whole.* Opposed to *sick;* as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 327, 328, etc. Cf. *Matthew* ix. 12, *John*, v. 4, 6, 14, etc.

31. *That inward sickness* —. Capell added "holds him"; and Malone thought that a line was lost here. Clarke remarks that the abrupt style is characteristic of Hotspur. Here the breaking off seems to me perfectly natural in one reading a letter and talking about it at the same time. He does not proceed with the account of the *sickness* because that has been already stated by the messenger, but hurries on to what follows in the communication.

32. *By deputation.* "By appeals made through others" (Herford).

34. *Dear.* See on i. 1. 33 above.

35. *On any soul remov'd.* "On any *less near* to himself; on any whose interest is *remote*" (Johnson).

36. *Advertisement.* See on iii. 2. 172 above.

37. *Conjunction.* Assembled force.

40. *Possess'd.* Informed; as in *M. of V.* i. 3. 65, iv. 1. 35, etc.

44. *His present want.* Our present want of him, his absence now.

46. *Exact.* Accented on the first syllable because coming before the noun.

47. *Main.* Stake in gaming. Cf. Lyly, *Euphues:* "foul gamesters, who having lost the maine by true judgement, thinke to face it out with a false oath."

49. *Read.* Perceive, discover; as in *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 138: —

> "that you shall read
> In your own losses, if he stay in France."

See also *K. John*, i. 1. 87, *Cymb.* i. 1. 53, iii. 1. 76, etc.

50. *The soul of hope.* "The very substance of hope, all that we have to hope for" (Herford); with perhaps, as some suppose, a poor pun on *soul* and *sole.*

51. *List.* Limit, boundary; as in *T. N.* iii. 1. 86, *Ham.* iv. 5. 82, etc.

53. *Where now remains*, etc. Whereas we now have the satisfaction of something to look forward to. For *where* = whereas, cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 22, *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 185, etc.

56. *A comfort of retirement.* "A support to which we may have recourse" (Johnson); or the comfort of having something to fall back upon.

58. *If that. That* is often thus used as a "conjunctional affix." *Look big* = look threateningly. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 230: "Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;" *W. T.* iv. 3. 113: "if you had but looked big and spit at him, he 'd have run," etc.

59. *Maidenhead.* Maidenhood; which is etymologically the same word.

61. *Hair.* "Complexion, character" (Johnson). Steevens cites the old comedy of *The Family of Love:* "They say I am of the

right hair, and indeed they may stand to it." Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Nice Valour:* "A lady of my hair cannot want pitying;" and the play of *Sir Thomas More:* —

> "A fellow of your haire is very fitt
> To be a secretaries follower."

62. *Division.* A quadrisyllable. The license is rare in the middle of a line, though common enough at the end (as in 66 and 67 just below).

67. *Fearful.* Full of fear, timid. Vaughan explains the line thus: "may arrest the progress and activity of our party, which, as a party, is liable to alarms."

68. *Question.* Doubt, misgiving.

69. *Offering.* Aggressive, assailing. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 219: —

> "So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
> May offer, but not hold."

70. *Arbitrement.* Judicial inquiry. On the passage, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 194: —

> "For that same word *rebellion* did divide
> The action of their bodies from their souls,
> And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd."

The sentiment here is, "for you are well aware that, as we are in fact aggressors and rebels, we should be shy of all minute scrutiny into the nature and merits of our cause."

73. *Draws a curtain.* S. uses the phrase for drawing the curtain either way — to conceal or to disclose an object. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 78, ii. 9. 84 with *Id.* ii. 9. 1, etc. We find "draw aside the curtains" only in *M. of V.* ii. 7. 1.

74. *Fear.* Object of fear; as in i. 3. 87 above.

77. *Opinion.* Reputation. See on iii. 2. 42 above.

78. *Dare.* Daring. In the only other instance of the noun in S. (*A. and C.* i. 2. 191) it is = defiance.

83. *Yet.* As yet.

85. *This term of fear.* This word *fear.*

93. *Preparation.* Five syllables. See on 62 above.

95. *Nimble-footed.* Stowe says of the Prince: "He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild buck or doe in a large park."

96. *Comrades.* Here accented on the last syllable, as in *Ham.* i. 3. 65. In the only other instance of the word in S. (*Lear*, ii. 4. 213), it has the modern accent. *Daff'd* (like *doffed*) = put aside. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 176, etc.

98. *Estridges.* Ostriches. The word occurs in S. only here and in *A. and C.* iii. 13. 197: "The dove will peck the estridge." Douce makes *estridge* in both passages = goshawk. The folio reads here: —

> "All plum'd like Estridges, that with the Winde
> Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
> Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
> As full of spirit as the Moneth of May,
> And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-summer,
> Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls."

Wing is Rowe's emendation. It has been objected to it that ostriches do not fly, but only run along the ground, spreading their wings to the wind like sails. In reply, Dyce quotes Claudian, *In Eutrop.* ii. 310: —

> "Vasta velut Libyae venantum vocibus ales
> Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
> *Inque modum veli sinuatis flamina pennis*
> *Pulverulenta volat.*"

The Cambridge editors having objected that this quotation is not to the purpose, as "it means that the bird spread its wings like a sail bellying with the wind — a different thing from *winging the wind*," Dyce rejoins: "But the Cambridge editors take no notice of the important word *volat*, by which Claudian means, of course,

that the ostrich, *when once her wings are filled with the wind*, FLIES *along the ground* (though she does not mount into the air); and I still continue to think that the whole description answers very sufficiently to that of her *winging the wind*." He adds the following from Rogers: —

> "Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs,
> Who course *the ostrich as away she* WINGS."

Some retain "with" and point thus: —

> "All plum'd like estridges that with the wind
> Bated," etc.

But, as Dyce remarks, if that had been the poet's meaning, he would have written "Bate." That *estridges* are ostriches, and not falcons, is evident from Drayton, *Polyolbion* (quoted by Steevens): —

> "Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been;
> The Mountfords *all in plumes, like estridges*, were seen."

The ostrich-plumes are doubtless introduced as being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales.

Baited or *bated* = baiting. Cf. *disdained* = disdainful in i. 3. 183 above, and *moulten* = moulting in iii. 1. 150. To *bait* or *bate* was to flap the wings, as the hawk did when unhooded and ready to fly. On the connection of the word with what follows, Steevens says: "Writers on falconry often mention the *bathing* of hawks and eagles as highly necessary for their health and spirits. All birds after *bathing* (which almost all birds are fond of) spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves."

100. *Images.* Statues in churches, decked for festival occasions.

104. *Beaver.* The movable front of the helmet, here put for the helmet itself. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 230: "he wore his beaver up;" 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 120: "their beavers down," etc.

105. *Cuisses.* Armour for the thighs ("cushes" in the early eds.); mentioned by S. nowhere else.

106. *Like feather'd Mercury.* Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 174: "Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels," etc.

107. *Vaulted.* The change in construction is quite Shakespearian. Capell thought it necessary to read "vault with such an ease."

109. *Wind.* Turn in this or that direction. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 1. 32: —

> "It is a creature that I teach to fight,
> To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
> His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit."

For *Pegasus*, cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 15.

112. *Nourish agues.* That is, foster fear. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 190: "This ague-fit of fear;" and *Cor.* i. 4. 38: "agued fear."

113. *Like sacrifices.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 23: —

> "The poor condemned English,
> Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
> Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
> The morning's danger," etc.

In their trim = as if adorned for the altar.

114. *The fire-eyed maid of smoky war.* The goddess Bellona. Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 54: "Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof," etc.

118. *Reprisal.* Prize; used by S. only here.

119. *Take.* The 1st quarto has "tast" (taste), which some adopt.

126. *Draw his power.* Collect his forces. Cf. iii. 1. 33 and 89 above.

129. *Battle.* Army. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 78: "Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set."

133. *Take a muster.* White compares the similar phrase "take a census;" and quotes Peele, *Battle of Alcazar:* "To take the muster of the Portugals." Some editors follow Reed in changing *take* to "make," which gives a different meaning and one out of place here. He does not wish to *muster* his troops, for they were already mustered; he wants to know *how many he has* to oppose to the King's *thirty thousand.*

Scene II. — 3. *Sutton Co'fil'*. Sutton Coldfield, a town about 24 miles northwest of Coventry. The early eds. have "Sutton-cop-hill" or "Sutton-cophill." I adopt the spelling of the Cambridge ed.

6. *Makes an angel.* That is, makes what I have spent for you an *angel*, or ten shillings. The coin called an *angel* is often mentioned in the plays, sometimes with a play on the name, as in *M. W.* i. 3. 60, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 35, and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 187. Falstaff in his reply plays on the other sense of *makes* (= produces).

12. *A soused gurnet.* A pickled gurnet. The *gurnet* was a fish, the name of which came to be used as a term of contempt. It is mentioned by S. only here.

14. *Three hundred and odd pounds.* "We may gather from this passage what was about the sum generally obtained for military substitutes in Shakespeare's time; such curious pieces of information upon the most various subjects do his pages furnish" (Clarke). Such misuse of the King's press appears to have been common in that day. Steevens cites *The Voyage to Cadiz*, 1597: "About the 28 of the said moneth, a certaine Lieutenant was degraded and cashierd, &c., for the taking of money by the way of corruption of certain prest souldiers in the countrey, and for placing of others in their roomes, more unfit for service, and of less sufficiency and abilitie;" and *Barnabie Riche's Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare*, 1604: "Sir, I perceive by the sound of your words you are a favourite to captaines, and I thinke you could be contented, that to serve the expedition of these times, we should take up honest householders, men that are of wealth and abilitie to live at home, such as your captaines might chop and chaunge, and make merchandise of," etc.

17. *Asked twice on the banns.* And therefore about to be married. Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 181 and iii. 2. 16. *Contracted* = betrothed; as in *M. W.* v. 5. 236, *W. T.* v. 3. 5, etc.

Warm. "At ease" (Schmidt) or ease-loving. Vaughan explains *a commodity of warm slaves* as "an abundant supply of men

whom comfort and the means of self-indulgence have corrupted into an unmanly habit of mind and body."

18. *Lieve* is used interchangeably with *lief* in the early eds.

19. *Caliver.* A corruption of *caliber*, and applied to a kind of musket. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 289, 292.

Fowl. The first three quartos have "foule," the other early eds. "foole" or "fool." Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 209: "Alas! poor hurt fowl!"

20. *Toasts-and-butter.* Cockneys. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Wit without Money:* "They love young toasts and butter, Bow-bell suckers;" and Fynes Morison's *Itinerary:* "Londiners, and all within the sound of Bow-bell, are in reproach called cocknies, and eaters of buttered tostes."

23. *Ancients.* Ensigns; a corruption of that word.

25. *Painted cloth.* Tapestry hangings, ornamented with figures and mottoes. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 290, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 579, etc.

27. *Unjust.* Dishonest; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 688. Cf. *Luke*, xvi. 8.

28. *Younger sons to younger brothers.* "Raleigh, in his *Discourse on War*, uses this very expression for men of desperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other I know not, but I think the play was printed before the *Discourse*" (Johnson). *Revolted* = run away. Cf. ii. 4. 47 above, where the Prince tempts Francis to "play the coward with his indenture."

29. *Trade-fallen.* Out of employment.

Cankers, etc. Steevens compares *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592: "all the canker-worms that breed on the rust of peace."

31. *An old faced ancient.* An old patched standard.

35. *Mad.* Madcap, merry, waggish. Cf. i. 2. 45 above: "how now, mad wag!"

40. *Gyves.* Shackles or fetters. Cf. *L. C.* 242: "Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves."

42. *There's but*, etc. The early eds. all have "There's not," etc.

The correction is Rowe's, and seems required by the context. See on v. 3. 37 below.

44. *An herald's coat.* The *tabard*, or official coat of the officer. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 10. 75: "But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat," etc.

46. *St. Alban's.* The town, like *Daventry*, was on the direct road from London through Coventry to Shrewsbury.

47. *Daventry.* Some editors adopt the "Daintry" of the later quartos, a corrupted form of the name found in 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 6. The town is in Northamptonshire, about twelve miles west of Northampton. The common English pronunciation of the name is *Dahntry*. On *red-nose*, cf. *malmsey-nose* in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 42. We find *hook-nosed* in *Id.* iv. 3. 45. These are the only compounds of *nose* or *nosed* in S.

49. *Quilt.* A wadded or quilted coverlet, sometimes = mattress. *Blown* perhaps combines the two meanings of "out of breath" and "swelled."

52. *I cry you mercy.* I beg your pardon. See on i. 3. 212 above.

57. The quartos (followed by some eds.) have "away all night," which is explained as "travel all night."

65. *To toss.* "That is, to toss upon a pike" (Johnson). Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 244: "The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes," etc.

Scene III. — 3. *Supply.* Reinforcements; as in *K. John*, v. 3. 9, v. 5. 12, 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 28, etc.

7. *Fear.* Metrically a dissyllable; as in *Ham.* iii. 4. 7: "Fear me not; withdraw, I hear him coming," etc.

10. *Well-respected.* Well or duly considered.

16. *Come, come*, etc. Vaughan raises the question whether the first five lines of this speech do not belong to Worcester rather than Vernon. The latter, he thinks, would not say *it may not be* of that with which he had just expressed himself *content*. But it seems to me that in the *content* he referred only to the last clause of his for-

mer speech. "Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle," he says, "which of us fears." "Yea," responds Douglas, "or to-night." "Content," says Vernon; that is, "I do not object, so far as being afraid is concerned." But when Hotspur eagerly comes in with his "To-night, say I," he returns to the sober discussion of the question from which Douglas's insinuation of cowardice had drawn him away.

17. *Leading.* "Conduct or experience in martial business" (Johnson); generalship.

24. *That.* *So* that. See on iii. 2. 48 above.

26. *Journey-bated.* Weakened (cf. *M. of V.* iii. 3. 32, etc.) or exhausted by travel.

27. *Full of rest.* Thoroughly rested. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 202: —

> "So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
> Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
> Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness."

31. *Respect.* Attention; as in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 175: "Without observance or respect of any," etc.

36. *Quality.* Here = party. It is often = profession; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 146: "What is thy name? I know thy quality," etc.

38. *Defend.* Forbid; as often. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 98, iv. 2. 21, etc.

39. *Out of limit.* That is, out of proper limit, lawlessly.

42. *Whereupon.* On what grounds, wherefore. *Griefs* = grievances; as in 48 below. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 118, iv. 2. 42, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 69, 73, 110, iv. 2. 36, 59, etc.

51. *Suggestion.* Prompting to evil, temptation. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 288, iv. 1. 26, etc.

57. *Sick in the world's regard.* Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 96: "in reputation sick;" *Lear*, i. 2. 129: "sick in fortune," etc.

62. *To sue his livery.* "A law phrase belonging to the feudal tenures; meaning to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from those persons who, on the death of any of the tenants of the

crown, seized their lands till the heir *sued out his livery*" (Steevens). Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 203, ii. 3. 129, etc.

63. *Zeal.* Earnestness. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 205: "With any terms of zeal," etc.

68. *The more and less.* The high and low, all classes. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 209: "And more and less do flock to follow him;" and *Macb.* v. 4. 12: "Both more and less have given him the revolt."

With cap and knee. Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 6. 107: "Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!"

70. *Attended him.* Waited for him. *In lanes* = in lines by the sides of the road. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 9: "Three times did Richard make a lane to me" (that is, a way through the enemy).

72. *Their heirs as pages.* Some editors follow the early eds. in joining *as pages* to what comes after. The emendation was suggested by Malone.

74. *Knows itself.* That is, comes to know itself, becomes conscious of its power.

75. *Me.* For the expletive use, cf. ii. 4. 102 and iii. 1. 98, 99 above.

79. *Strait.* Strict, oppressive; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 258: "a strait edict," etc. For *some certain*, cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 122.

85. *Cut me off the heads*, etc. See *Rich. II.* iii. 1.

87. *In deputation.* As his deputies. Cf. iv. 1. 32 above.

88. *Personal.* In person, personally.

92. *In the neck of that.* Cf. *Sonn.* 131. 11: "A thousand groans . . . One on another's neck," etc. Henderson quotes Painter, *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566: "Great mischiefes succedyng one in another's necke." *Task'd* = taxed. The words seem to have been sometimes used interchangeably. In *Lear*, iii. 2. 16, the quartos have "task," the folios "tax." Cf. Gosson, *Schoole of Abuse:* "spoyled them of all their treasure with unreasonable taskes;" and Holinshed, *Chron.:* "a new and strange subsidie or taske granted to be levied for the King's use."

93. *March.* Edmund Mortimer. See on i. 1. 38.

95. *Engag'd.* Retained as a hostage. Cf. v. 2. 44 below.

98. *Intelligence.* That is, intelligence obtained through spies or informers. Cf. i. 3. 23 fol. On the following lines, cf. i. 3. 15 fol. and 122 fol.

99. *Rated.* Chid. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 165: —

> "Master, it is no time to chide you now;
> Affection is not rated from the heart."

103. *This head of safety.* This armed force as a means of safety. See on iii. 1. 64 above.

105. *Indirect.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 185: —

> "God knows, my son,
> By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
> I met this crown."

Note also the use of *indirectly* in *K. John*, ii. 1. 49 and *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 94.

108. *Impawn'd.* Pledged, left as a hostage. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 436, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 21, etc.

112. *I would you would.* Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 255, *T. N.* iii. 1. 34, etc.

Scene IV. — 1. *Brief.* Letter. Schmidt suggests that the word may have the same meaning in the obscure passage in *A. W.* ii. 3. 186 (cf. ii. 2. 66).

2. *Marshal.* A trisyllable; as in *Lear*, iv. 3. 9.

10. *Must bide the touch.* Must endure the test, as gold is tried by the touchstone. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 8: —

> "O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
> To try if thou be current gold indeed;"

and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 390: "O thou touch of hearts!"

15. *Whose power*, etc. "Whose quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy" (Johnson). For *proportion*, see *Hen. V.* i. 2. 137, 304, ii. 4. 45, etc.

17. *A rated sinew.* A help on which we reckoned. Vaughan explains it as "a power highly estimated."

25. *Head.* See on iv. 3. 103 above.

31. *Moe.* More; used only with a plural or collective noun. *Dear men of estimation* = men of dear or high estimation. *Corrivals* = companions. See on i. 3. 207 above. *Dear* = valued, worthy.

ACT V

SCENE I. — *Enter*, etc. All the early eds. make the *Earl of Westmoreland* one of the characters here; but it appears from v. 2. 29 below that he was left as a hostage in Hotspur's camp (cf. iv. 3. 108 above) till Worcester should return from treating with Henry. It will be observed that he says nothing in the present scene. The Cambridge editors remark that he may be intended to be present, though he does not speak; but they do not say how they explain v. 2. 29.

2. *Busky.* Wooded. Some modern eds. substitute "bosky," which is found in *Temp.* iv. 1. 81. Blakeway says: "I do not know whether S. ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, but he has described the sun's rising over Haughmond Hill from that spot as accurately as if he had. It still merits the name of a *busky* hill."

3. *Distemperature.* See on iii. 1. 34 above.

4. *To his purposes.* "That is, to the sun's, to that which the sun portends by his unusual appearance" (Johnson). Vaughan says: "I doubt the correctness of this interpretation: *portending* and *purposing* are not the same. The sun certainly is described as *sick*, but has no *purposes*. It is the wind that must produce the *blustering day*, and therefore may purpose to produce it. The poet's meaning, I think, is: Rising with a hollow singing sound, it acts as its own trumpeter, proclaiming that it intends to produce a storm." I am inclined, however, to agree with Johnson. The poet seems to regard the sun throughout as the cause of the ele-

mental disturbance. His appearance *portends* a storm, and thus indicates his *purposes*, to which the wind plays the trumpeter, declaring them more plainly. For *trumpet* = trumpeter, see *Ham.* i. 1. 150, *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 61, etc.

13. *Old limbs.* The king was only thirty-seven years old at this time. The error may be a mere slip, or S. may have thought it necessary to make him *old* as the father of Prince Henry. The word, however, did not then imply so great an age as it now does, for the average duration of life was considerably less. Malone remarks that Daniel, in his poem of *Rosamond*, describes King Henry as extremely old, though he was only fifty-six when he died. Spenser calls Robert, Earl of Leicester, an old man in 1582, but he was not then fifty; and Coligny is represented by his biographer, Lord Huntington, as an aged man, though he died at fifty-three. Many other examples of the kind might be given.

15. *Unknit*, etc. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 2. 31: —

> "and not unknit himself
> The noble knot he made;"

and *T. A.* iii. 2. 4: "Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot."

17. *Orb.* Not circle or *orbit*, in the modern astronomical sense, but the crystal *sphere* of the Ptolemaic system in which each planet was supposed to be fixed and with which it revolved. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 183, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 7, 153, iii. 2. 61, *K. John*, v. 7. 74, etc.

19. *Exhal'd meteor.* See on *exhalations*, ii. 4. 321 above.

24. *Lag-end.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 3. 35: "The lag-end of their lewdness."

25. *Hours.* A dissyllable here.

26. *Dislike.* Dissension. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 236: "you feed too much on this dislike."

29. *Chewet.* The word meant a mince-pie, and may have that sense here; but Nares suggests that it may be equivalent to *chough* (Fr. *chouette*), a chattering bird. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 266: "A chough of as deep chat." Unfortunately, however, no other example of

chewet in this sense has been found. The pie so called was a greasy compound, and, according to an ancient cook-book, was fried in oil. The fat knight might well enough be compared to such an oleaginous dainty; but the other explanation, if authority could be had to sustain it, would suit the present passage better.

32. *Remember.* Remind; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 243: "Let me remember thee what thou hast promised." See also *W. T.* iii. 2. 231, *K. John*, iii. 4. 96, etc.

34. *My staff of office did I break*, etc. See *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 26.

38. *Nothing.* For the adverbial use, cf. iii. 1. 131 above.

44. *New-fallen.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 182: "this new-fallen dignity." For *fall* = befall, see *A. and C.* iii. 7. 40: "no disgrace shall fall you," etc.

50. *The injuries of a wanton time.* The injuries done by King Richard in the wantonness of prosperity.

51. *Sufferances.* Sufferings; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 115: "The sufferance of our souls," etc.

52. *Contrarious.* The word occurs again in *M. for M.* iv. 1. 62: "Most contrarious guests;" and *contrariously* in *Hen. V.* i. 2. 206.

60. *Gull.* The word sometimes meant an unfledged nestling. Cf. *T. of A.* ii. 1. 31: "a naked gull." *The cuckoo's bird* is the cuckoo's young one. Cf. *R. of L.* 849: "Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?" For *bird* = young of a bird, see 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 91: "that princely eagle's bird;" and *T. A.* ii. 3. 154:—

> "Some say that ravens foster forlorn children
> The whilst their own birds famish in their nests."

Knight remarks: "Shakespeare was a naturalist, in the very best sense of the word. He watched the great phenomena of nature, the economy of the animal creation, and the peculiarities of inanimate existence; and he set them down with almost undeviating exactness, in the language of the highest poetry. Before White and Jenner and Montagu had described the remarkable proceedings of the cuckoo, Shakespeare here described them, as we believe,

from what he himself saw." For the reference to the *sparrow*, cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 235: —

> "For you trow, nuncle,
> The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
> That it's had it head bit off by it young."

65. *Safety sake.* See on i. 2. 161 and ii. 1. 71 above.

66. *Head.* See on i. 3. 283 above.

67. *We stand opposed.* "We stand in opposition to you" (Johnson).

69. *Countenance.* Bearing, behaviour. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 19, etc.

70. *Troth.* Truth. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 143, *T. and C.* iv. 5. 168, etc.

72. *Articulate.* "Articulated" (the folio reading), set forth in articles. Steevens quotes Daniel, *Civil Wars:* "How to articulate with yielding wights." For the form, cf. *suffocate* (*T. and C.* i. 3. 125), *contract* (*Rich. III.* iii. 7. 179), etc.

74. *To face*, etc. Alluding to the practice of *facing* or trimming garments with a cloth of a different colour from that of which they were made. *Rebellion* is a quadrisyllable. Cf. 78, 82, and 98 below.

76. *Discontents.* Malcontents. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 4. 39: —

> "to the ports
> The discontents repair," etc.

77. *Rub the elbow.* Again referred to as expressing the idea of "mirthful relish" in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 109: —

> "One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
> A better speech was never spoke before."

80. *Impaint.* Used by S. only here. *Water-colours;* as only for transient effect.

81. *Starving.* Hungry, longing. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 88, *Sonn.* 75. 10, etc.

84. *Dearly.* A trisyllable; as *dear* is often a dissyllable.

88. *Set off his head.* Taken from his account. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 145: —

> "You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
> That might so much as think you enemies."

90. *Active-valiant*, etc. Steevens compares Sidney, *Astrophel and Stella*: "young-wise, wise-valiant."

103. *Make against.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 52, *R. and J.* v. 3. 225, etc.

122. *Bestride me.* That is, to defend me when fallen. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 192: —

> "When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
> Deep scars, to save thy life."

See also 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 207 and *Macb.* iv. 3. 4.

128. *What need I*, etc. Why need I, etc. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 123: "What need we any spur but our own cause?" *A. and C.* v. 2. 317: "What should I stay?" etc.

132. *Grief.* Pain; as in i. 3. 51 above.

134. *What is that word honour? air.* The folio reading. The 1st quarto has "What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air."

135. *Trim.* Ironical, as generally in S. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 323, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 157, *Hen. VIII.* i. 3. 37, v. 4. 75, *T. and C.* iv. 5. 33, etc.

140. *Scutcheon.* A shield with armorial bearings. Perhaps there is a reference to the use of scutcheons in funeral processions, or as hung in churches afterwards.

SCENE II. — 7. *In other faults.* That is, in connection with them.

8. *Suspicion.* Rowe's emendation for the "supposition" of the early eds.

18. *An adopted name of privilege.* "The name of *Hotspur* will privilege him from censure" (Johnson).

19. *Spleen.* Fit of passion. See on ii. 3. 78 above.

21. *Train.* Draw, entice; as in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 45, *K. John*, iii. 4. 175, etc.

26. *Deliver.* Report. See on i. 3. 26 above.

29. *Deliver up*, etc. See on v. 1. 1 above.

31. *Bid you battle.* Offer you battle. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 71, iii. 3. 235, v. 1. 63, 77, etc.

32. *Defy him*, etc. Capell gave this line to Hotspur, and Malone favoured the change.

33. *Douglas.* A trisyllable here.

39. *By now forswearing*, etc. *Forswear* means both "to swear falsely" and "to swear in denial of;" and the line is = "by now with a false oath disavowing and denying that he has taken an oath which he has not kept" (Vaughan).

44. *Engag'd.* Held as a hostage. See on iv. 3. 95 above.

45. *Cannot choose.* See on iii. 1. 146 above.

51. *Tasking.* Challenge. It is the reading of the 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "talking." Cf. iv. 1. 9 above: "task me to my word."

52. *No, by my soul*, etc. "This magnificent speech puts the culminating point to the beautiful character of Sir Richard Vernon as depicted by S. It is but a subordinate part; yet how finished is the diction allotted, how nobly is the man's moral nature developed! Vernon it is who makes that finely poetical speech describing the appearance and bearing of the Prince of Wales and his youthful military companions [iv. 1. 97 fol.]; Vernon it is who gives prudent counsel amidst the rashly impetuous resolves of Hotspur and Douglas [iv. 3. 16 fol.]; Vernon, still, who utters those few simple, truthful words, 'T were best he did' [v. 2. 3] when Worcester, in his selfish duplicity, resolves that his nephew shall not know 'the liberal offer of the king;' and Vernon, still, who, having consented to leave to Worcester the delivery of what representation he will, with manly respect for uprightness stands silent by until now, when the mention of the Prince gives him the opportunity to make this noble speech in his favour" (Clarke).

56. *Duties.* Explained by Schmidt as "homage, compliments;" but the line may be = he ascribed to you all that is due to a man. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 39: "do thy duty, and have thy duty;" that is, have thy due.

60. *By still*, etc. Warburton called this a "foolish line" and "evidently the player's nonsense;" but Johnson replies: "To vilify praise, compared or *valued* with merit superior to praise, is no harsh expression." He adds, however, that it might be objected to the line that Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had used "no such hyperboles as might represent him above praise;" and he suggests that either S. had forgotten what he wrote in the preceding scene, or some lines may have been lost from the prince's speech. But, as Malone observes, "our author, in repeating letters and speeches of former scenes, seldom attends minutely to what he had written." Probably he always trusted to memory in such cases.

62. *Cital.* Citation, mention; not a contraction of *recital*, as sometimes printed. Cf. *cite* in the legal sense of "summon to answer a charge;" as in *Hen. VIII.* iv. 1. 29.

64. *Master'd.* Was master of, possessed; as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 174, *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 137, *Sonn.* 106. 8, etc.

65. *Instantly.* At the same time, at once.

67. *Envy.* Enmity, hostility (of the battle).

68. *Owe.* Own, possess; as often.

70. *Enamoured.* Followed by *on;* as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 170 and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 102. Elsewhere (three instances) we find *enamoured of.*

72. *A libertine.* The first four quartos have "a libertie," which the 5th quarto (followed by the later eds.) changes to "at libertie." The emendation is Capell's. White retains "wild a liberty," explaining the line "Never did I hear so wild a liberty reported of any prince."

75. *That.* So that. See on iii. 2. 48 and iv. 3. 24 above.

78. *That have not well*, etc. "How well this tallies with Hotspur's abrupt mode of speech, absent-mindedness, and rapid inar-

ticulate utterance! He is himself conscious of this peculiar defect" (Clarke). Cf. 92 below.

79. *Persuasion.* A quadrisyllable. See on v. 1. 74 above.

97. *Esperance.* See on ii. 3. 71 above. The word is here a quadrisyllable, as it would be in French verse.

100. *Heaven to earth.* Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 238: "And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!" *Id.* i. 2. 252: "My dukedom to a beggarly denier;" *R. and J.* iii. 5. 215: —

> "Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
> That he dares ne'er come back," etc.

Scene III. — 7. *The Lord of Stafford.* Edmund, fifth Earl of Stafford, whose wife, Ann Plantagenet, was a cousin of the king on the father's side and of the Prince of Wales on the mother's side.

11. *I was not born a yielder*, etc. The reading of the early quartos. The folios have "born to yield, thou haughty Scot." White prefers the latter for "its euphony (in avoiding *thou proud*);" but we find the same combination in that grand speech of the king's in *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 274: "no, thou proud dream;" and in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 276: "Art thou proud yet?"

15. *Triumph'd.* Accented on the last syllable; as in v. 4. 14 below. See also *R. of L.* 1388, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 35, *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 91, iv. 4. 59, and *A. and C.* iv. 8. 16. S. generally wrote *triumph on* or *upon.* See *T. of S.* iv. 3. 34, 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 63, 114, *A. and C.* iv. 8. 16, and iv. 15. 15. *Triumph over* occurs only in *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 125 and *T. A.* i. 1. 178 (not Shakespeare's).

21. *Semblably.* In semblance, outwardly. S. uses the word only here, but we find *semblable* in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 72, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 22, *Ham.* v. 2. 124, and *A. and C.* iii. 4. 3.

On the passage, cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion:* —

> "The next, Sir Walter Blunt, he with three others slew,
> All armed like the king, which he dead sure accounted!
> But after when he saw the king himself remounted,
> This hand of mine, quoth he, four kings this day have slain,
> And swore out of the earth he thought they sprang again."

22. *A fool go with thy soul.* Capell's correction of the "Ah foole," etc. of the early eds. The expression was proverbial, and = "go thy ways, fool that thou art." Capell also changed *whither* to "where'er."

30. *Shot-free.* A play upon *shot* = reckoning (cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 5. 7: "till some certain shot be paid," etc.) and the ordinary sense of the word. Steevens quotes *Aristippus, or the Jovial Philosopher*, 1630: "the best shot to be discharged is the tavern bill; the best alarum is the sound of healths."

31. *No scoring*, etc. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 65: "For she will score your fault upon my pate."

33. *Here 's no vanity!* Ironical, of course. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 138: "Here 's no knavery!"

37. *Not three.* Some editors adopt Capell's conjecture of "but three;" but the *not three* implies that some at least are left alive, and to these the following *they* refers.

38. *The town's end.* "At the gates, a common station for beggars" (Herford). Cf. iv. 2. 9 above.

45. *Turk Gregory.* Probably Pope Gregory VII., called Hildebrand.

55. *Sack a city.* For the quibble, Steevens compares *Aristippus* (see on 30 above): "it may justly seem to have taken the name of sack from the sacking of cities."

57. *I 'll pierce him.* From the play on *Percy* here, and on *person* in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 86, it would appear that *pierce* was pronounced *perse.* In *Rich. II.* v. 3. 127, it rhymes with *rehearse;* and *perce* and *pearse* are among the old forms of the word. Milton, in *L'Allegro*, 138, rhymes *pierce* with *verse.* Holt White remarks: "S. was not aware that he here ridiculed the serious etymology of the Scottish historian: '*Piercy* a *penetrando* oculum Regis Scotorum, ut fabulatur Boetius' (Skinner)."

59. *Carbonado.* "A piece of meat cut cross-wise for the grid-iron" (Johnson). Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 199: "before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado." Furnivall cites Florio,

Worlde of Wordes, 1598: "*Incarbonare*, to broile vpon the coales, to make a carbonado. *Incarbonata*, a carbonado of broyled meate, a rasher on the coales."

Scene IV. — 5. *Make up.* That is, go on with the army, instead of delaying here with me. Cf. 58 below; and see also *K. John*, iii. 2. 5: "Philip, make up; my mother is assail'd."

6. *Amaze.* Bewilder, throw into confusion. Dunbar, Earl of March, had withdrawn the king from that part of the field where Hotspur and Douglas were attacking the royal standard (Wright).

21. *I saw him*, etc. Cf. Holinshed: "the earl of Richmond withstood his violence, and kept him at the sword's point without advantage, longer than his companions either thought or judged."

22. *Maintenance.* Resistance.

25. *Like Hydra's heads.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 38: "this Hydra son of war" (that is, not to be killed at a single stroke).

34. *Assay thee.* Try swords with thee.

44. *Cheerly.* Cheerily, be of good cheer. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 6, 29, *A. Y. L.* ii. 6. 19, etc.

48. *Opinion.* Reputation. See on iii. 2. 42 above.

49. *Mak'st some tender of.* Hast some regard for.

52. *Hearken'd for.* Was eager to hear of, longed for. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 260: "The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for," etc.

65. *Two stars*, etc. Another allusion to the Ptolemaic astronomy. See on v. 1. 17 above.

75. *Well said.* Well done; as often.

80. *They wound*, etc. "Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince *wounds his thoughts;* but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is of itself of no great value, being the *fool* and sport of *time;* of *time*, which, with all its dominion over sublunary things, *must* itself at last be

stopped" (Johnson). Cf. *Sonn.* 116. 9: "Love 's not Time's fool," etc.

83. *I could prophesy*, etc. "An allusion to the beautiful and very ancient fancy that dying persons are gifted with a power of prevision and prediction" (Clarke). Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 31: "Methinks I am a prophet," etc.

88. *Ill-weav'd*, etc. "A metaphor taken from cloth, which shrinks when it is *ill-weaved*, when its texture is loose" (Johnson).

93. *Stout.* Brave. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 4. 19: "A stouter champion never handled sword."

95. *Dear.* Kindly; the reading of the 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "great."

96. *Favours.* The silken scarf worn over armour; so called because these adornments were often the gift of some favourite lady to her favoured knight. See on iii. 2. 136 above.

98. *These fair rites*, etc. "The old chivalrous times afforded many instances of these acts of gentle observance between mutually adverse knights, when one was overthrown; and S. has here commemorated a specially beautiful one, by making his hero to screen a foe's mangled face in the moment of death, amid the turmoil and distortion of a battlefield" (Clarke).

100. *Ignomy.* The reading of the folio; the early quartos have "ignominy." The contracted form is also found in the folio in *M. for M.* ii. 4. 111 and *T. and C.* v. 10. 33. Malone cites *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "With scandalous ignomy and slanderous speeches." Cf. *Mirror for Magistrates:* —

> "The one of which doth bring eternall fame,
> The other ignomie and dastard shame."

109. *Embowell'd.* Eviscerated for embalming.

112. *Powder.* Salt. It is said that in some parts of England corned beef is still known as *powdered* beef. White inquires: "May not the change in the name be owing to the change from fine to coarse salt in the process of salting?"

114. *Termagant.* An imaginary god of the Saracens, often introduced into the old mystery-plays, and represented as a most violent character. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 7. 47: "And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore;" Chaucer, *C. T.* 15221: "He swar, 'Child, by Termagaunt,'" etc. S. uses the word only here and in *Ham.* iii. 2. 12, where it is a noun. The word has come to be exclusively feminine in its application.

115. *Scot and lot.* "Taxation according to one's means;" the legal sense of the expression.

131. *Flesh'd.* Stained with blood for the first time. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 36: —

> "How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
> Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood."

139. *A double man.* Falstaff plays on *double* = deceitful, and his seeming to be double by having Percy on his back. Cf. the quibble in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 288: "a double heart for his single one."

140. *A Jack.* See on iii. 3. 88 above.

148. *At an instant.* At the same moment; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 76, *M. W.* iv. 4. 4, etc.

151. *I 'll take 't upon my death.* I 'll take my oath. See on ii. 4. 9 above.

158. *Grace.* Honour. Cf. ii. 1. 72 above.

164. *Grow great.* The folios read "grow great again," which White retains and defends. "Such a word," he says, "could not have come into the text by accident; and it has value as one of several indications that Falstaff is a decayed man of family, one whose follies and vices, aided by his humour, have dragged him from the position to which he was born and bred."

Scene V. — 6. *Upon our party.* Upon our side. Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 34: "Upon the right and party of her son;" *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 115: "on thy royal party;" *Lear*, ii. 1 28: —

> "have you nothing said
> Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?"

7. *A noble earl.* The Earl of Stafford.

14. *The death.* This generally means "death by judicial sentence." *To the death* = mortally or fatally; as in *Oth.* ii. 3. 663: "hurt to the death;" or on peril of death; as in *Much Ado*, i. 3. 72, etc.

20. *Upon the foot of fear.* Flying in fear. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 131: —

> "Nor our strong sorrow
> Upon the foot of motion;"

that is, having free scope.

21. *Falling from a hill.* See the extract from Holinshed, p. 160 above.

32. *I thank your grace*, etc. This speech is found only in the first four quartos. Dyce and White reject it; and the latter believes it to be an interpolation of "the actor who had the small part of Prince John, and who wished to have something to say in the 'tag' of the piece." It strikes me, however, that it would have been very strange if Prince John had *not* thanked his brother here.

36. *Dearest.* Best, greatest. The word often expresses earnestness or intensity. See on i. 1. 33 and iii. 2. 123 above.

43. *Business.* A trisyllable; as in *K'ich. II.* ii. 1. 217: "To see this business. To-morrow next;" *Cor.* v. 3. 4: "I have borne this business. Only their ends," etc.

APPENDIX

Comments on Some of the Characters

Falstaff. — Falstaff is a great character as well as a big one, and much has been written about him without doing full justice to the subject — for the subject is inexhaustible. Dowden goes so far as to say, "Sir John Falstaff is a conception hardly less complex, hardly less wonderful, than that of Hamlet." I do not know that this is claiming too much for him. A character so complex is naturally a puzzling one, and widely different estimates have been formed of it, as of Hamlet's. Its self-contradictory and enigmatical nature is well put by Mr. Maurice Morgann, in his *Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff*, first published in 1777 and reprinted in 1820 and 1825, but unfortunately long out of print. The fat knight is concisely described thus: "He is a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honour. This is a character which, though it may be decompounded, could not, I believe, have been formed, nor the ingredients of it duly mingled, upon any receipt whatever; it required the hand of Shakespeare himself to give to every particular part a relish of the whole, and of the whole to every particular part; alike the same incongruous, identical Falstaff, whether to the grave Chief-justice he vainly talks of his youth and offers to caper for a thousand, or cries to Mrs. Doll, 'I am old! I am old!' although she is seated on his lap and he is courting her for busses."

Of course, a character so incongruous is liable to be misunderstood. It is an easy mistake to see one aspect of any of its two-sided features instead of seeing both aspects. To illustrate this by a brief consideration of a single one of these Janus-like attributes — is Falstaff a coward or not? From one point of view he seems the very paragon of poltroons. Does he not confess himself a coward when he shams dead on the battle-field, calls discretion the better part of valour, and says he is afraid of "the gunpowder Percy though he be dead"?

Yet he evidently has the name of being a brave man, or Colevile, who certainly was no coward, would not so readily have surrendered to him. He is going to fight with Colevile, who asks, "Are not you Sir John Falstaff?" "As good a man as he," is the reply, "whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you?" "I think you *are* Sir John Falstaff," says Colevile, "and in that thought yield me." The incident is not at all necessary to the main action, and Shakespeare would not have introduced it unless to give an idea of Falstaff's courage when he chose to be courageous. If he had meant that we should think him really a coward, he would not have represented him as conquering a brave opponent by the mere prestige of his name.

The fact is, as Furnivall says, "Falstaff is neither a coward nor courageous. He only asks which will pay best, fighting or running away, and acts accordingly. He evidently had a reputation as a soldier, and was a professed one, was sought out and got a commission on the outbreak of the war." I wonder how those who take Falstaff to be a coward would explain this last-mentioned fact. If anybody knew Falstaff thoroughly, it was Prince Hal, but it is the prince who tells him that he has got for him a commission in the army — "a charge of foot." He is in no fooling mood at this time; he knows that only sterling men are needed in such an emergency, and he personally selects Falstaff as one of them: —

> "Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple Hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high,
And either they or we must lower lie."

This is at the beginning of the war; but later we find that Falstaff is a man in demand. In Part II. (ii. 4. 384) Peto comes in and says to the prince: —

"'The king your father is at Westminster,
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north; and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff."

If he was a notorious coward, what did they want of him? Again, Falstaff tells us that he has *led* his ragamuffins "where they are peppered," and that "there 's not three of the hundred and fifty left alive." As it is in a soliloquy we may believe him, though we can seldom trust him when speaking to anybody else. He could not have led his men into so hot a fire without serious risk of being peppered himself; and it surely required some courage to expose so big a mark to the enemy's sharpshooters.

Falstaff, moreover, has the reputation of courage among his friends. When Dame Quickly employs the two officers to arrest him, she warns them that they will do it at the peril of their lives; and Jack does resist desperately until the Chief-justice comes in and the fight is stopped. When the plot is laid for the Gadshill robbery, and the prince is afraid that Falstaff and his companions will be too much for Poins and himself, Poins says: "Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms." The third is Falstaff, who is not called a coward like the others, though Poins thinks he will not keep up the resistance very long.

But it may be said that Falstaff proves a coward in this same

robbing adventure. It will be noticed, however, that, according to the old stage-direction (which is doubtless Shakespeare's own), they all run away at once, when attacked by the disguised prince and Poins, except Jack, who does not run until "after a blow or two." Finding himself deserted by his friends, and with two against him, we need not be surprised that he gives up the unequal conflict. The mention of his momentary resistance seems intended to maintain the distinction to which Poins had referred in talking with the prince. The others *are* cowards, but Jack fights as long as he "sees reason"—but he sees no reason in a contest against such odds.

On the battle-field his counterfeiting death to escape Douglas seems cowardly at first glance; but here again the combat was unequal. Jack had no chance of victory or life against the Douglas. Death, or stratagem to avoid it, was the only alternative. The stratagem shows a certain coolness and presence of mind. It was one of Jack's practical jokes, but a joke under the circumstances implies courage. The "discretion" here was really "the better part of valour." A coward would hardly have been capable of it. Note also that he is not ashamed of it. He continues to sham death after the prince appears, that he may also have the joke against him. He evidently does not fear that it can be turned against himself.

* These are but a few of the passages in the play which go to show that fat Jack, though he did not consider military "honour" worth the risks involved in its acquisition, was no bad soldier, and not afraid to do his duty in active service.

Falstaff's intellect, as I have said, is not disproportioned to his bodily bulk. He is a keen observer of men, a true philosopher, and he has much practical wisdom withal. He knows that in any contest of wit or sophistry he is a match for the best of those about him, and he shrinks from no encounter of the kind to which he is challenged. He is a boundless liar, but in most cases he lies merely for the sake of showing that he cannot be cornered in a

lie. When he tells the story of his famous adventure with the ever-increasing host of men in buckram, it is not to be supposed that he is unaware how gross and palpable his exaggerations and inconsistencies will appear. He would be a very shallow fool if he hoped to deceive anybody by so preposterous a fabrication. The fact that his friends detect its monstrous absurdity only makes him go on with more and more audacity. He knows that his limitless fertility in falsehood will enable him to "dodge" them in the end, as he does. They do not get more fun out of it than he does; and the fun is all that he is after, unless it be the excitement of the nimble play of wit necessary to save himself from defeat.

The bad side of his character, or rather the worst side, is his utter lack of principle or moral sense; and this fully justifies the punishment he finally gets. But of that I shall have something to say in connection with the following play.

Hotspur. — Of the minor characters in the present play Hotspur is most worthy of attention; but no extended criticism is necessary to set forth his prominent traits. We see at once just what he is, for he both acts and speaks "right out." His fiery and impetuous bravery is his chief characteristic — so impetuous, indeed, that it lacks all discretion and judgment. It is interesting, however, to note the skill with which Shakespeare makes all the minor points in his behaviour illustrate this leading trait. Such a man is naturally the very embodiment of *restlessness;* and Hotspur is as restless everywhere as he is in war. He can never hold his tongue for a minute at a time. Observe how he breaks out again and again in the scene where the king has ordered him to send in his prisoners. After the king goes out, Worcester tries to expostulate with his hot-headed nephew, but to no purpose. "Good cousin," he says, "give me audience awhile." "I cry you mercy," says Hotspur apologetically; but before his uncle can finish his first sentence he interrupts him with another voluble burst of impatience. Worcester makes two more attempts to get in a word, but at last gives up in despair: —

"Farewell, cousin; I will talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend."

Again, in the scene where his wife pleads with him, and wants to know the cause of his abstraction and sleeplessness, he does not stop to answer her, but shouts for a servant, with whom he begins to talk on other matters; and it is not until he knows all about his horse, and has bantered Lady Percy quite out of patience, that he promises to listen to her — when he is *on horseback;* probably because he can then run away from her teasing if it becomes too tiresome.

No wonder that he finds the Welsh magician Glendower a terrible bore, and likes to worry him as no other man would have ventured to do; and when Mortimer expostulates with him, "Fie, cousin Percy, how you cross my father!" how thoroughly characteristic is his reply: —

"I cannot choose; sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys; I cried 'hum,' and 'well, go to,'
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tir'd horse, a railing wife,
Worse than a smoky house! I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom."

Later, when he is with the ladies, and Mortimer is lying on the rushes, with his head in his wife's lap, to listen to the music, Hotspur cries, "Come, Kate, quick, that I may lay my head in thy

lap;" but of course he cannot lie quiet half a minute. "Lie still, ye thief!" says Kate, "and hear the lady sing in Welsh;" and a moment later, "Wouldst thou have thy head broken?" "No" is the reply. "Then be still." These are little things, but they are as true to the character as anything in the play.

Shakespeare shows his dramatic skill in making Hotspur of the same age as Prince Henry, though he was actually some twenty years older, or nearer the age of the king. The poet, while ever keeping close to the *spirit* of history, never hesitates to make these chronological changes when they suit his purpose; bringing together widely separated events, separating by a long interval those that come in immediate succession, and even transposing their order, if need be. It is necessary to bear this in mind while reading the historical plays, if we are not so familiar with the details of the actual history that we are in no danger of being misled by the liberties taken with it; but it is of no importance whatever so far as the general movement of the drama considered as history is concerned, for, as I have said, in *spirit* the two are never seriously at variance.

Prince Henry, in the interview with his father (iii. 2) where the latter extols the youthful bravery of Hotspur and laments that his own son is so degenerate, is guilty of a certain sophistry in what he says of his gallant rival. The king has said: —

> "Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
> He hath more worthy interest to the state
> Than thou the shadow of succession. . . .
> But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
> Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
> Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
> Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
> Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
> To fight against me under Percy's pay,
> To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
> To show how much thou art degenerate."

The Prince replies: —

> " Do not think so, you shall not find it so;
> And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
> Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
> I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
> And in the closing of some glorious day
> Be bold to tell you that I am your son; . . .
> And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
> That this same child of honour and renown,
> This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
> And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
> For every honour sitting on his helm,
> Would they were multitudes, and on my head
> My shames redoubled! for the time will come
> That I shall make this northern youth exchange
> His glorious deeds for my indignities.
> Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
> To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
> And I will call him to so strict account
> That he shall render every glory up,
> Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
> Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart."

That can be pardoned only as a rhetorical protest against the eulogies of Hotspur with which his father has piqued and stung him. " I can be all that Percy is," he feels; and for the moment he forgets that no achievement of his own can detract from the honours the young man has honestly won. He may conquer and kill Hotspur, as he does, but not " the slightest worship of his time " can he wrest from the fallen hero.

Henry is more just to Hotspur when he stands over his dead body on the field of Shrewsbury (v. 4): —

> " Fare thee well, great heart!
> Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
> When that this body did contain a spirit,
> A kingdom for it was too small a bound,
> But now two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough; this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman. . . .
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!"

This is equally magnanimous and true. Percy will take his honours with him to heaven; his victor cannot deprive him of any part of them — and *now* he has no desire to do it.

The Time-Analysis of the Play

This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 279) as follows: —

"Time of this play, ten 'historic' days, with three *extra* Falstaffian days, and intervals. Total dramatic time, three months at the outside.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i. London. News of the battle of Holmedon, etc.

Interval: a week [?]. Hotspur comes to Court.

[Day 1*a*. Act I. sc. ii. London. Falstaff, Prince Hal, and Poins. The robbery at Gadshill planned.]

Day 2. Act. I. sc. iii. At Court. The Percys quarrel with the King. Their rebellion planned. The time and place of this scene are somewhat difficult to determine; if we go by Act I. sc. i. we should suppose the place 'Windsor,' and the time the 'Wednesday next' mentioned by the King, and the longest interval we could suppose between sc. i. and iii. of this act would be a week. This, dramatically considered, may be sufficient as far as Hotspur is concerned, but it supposes uncommon haste as regards Mortimer's adventures; for during this interval he has become the son-in-law of his captor Glendower, and the news of his marriage has reached the King (84). Of course it may be said that as Mortimer was taken prisoner by Glendower 22d June, 1402, and the engagement at Holmedon was not fought till the 14th of the following September, there was time enough for the marriage, and for the news of

it to reach the King, but we are not dealing with history; the poet makes both battles to occur about the same time, and the time-plot of the drama becomes accordingly somewhat confused. Taking the historic date of Holmedon fight, the time of this scene might be supposed towards the end of September, 1402.

The plot of the drama can hardly allow us to suppose the lapse of a longer period than three or four weeks between the time of this scene and Act I. sc. iii., Day 2; yet as Hotspur tells us that the confederates were all to meet on the 'ninth of next month,' and as the final act of the rebellion takes place at Shrewsbury on the 21st July, 1403, we might be tempted to place the time of Act II. sc. iii. in June, 1403. As we have supposed the time of Act I. sc. iii., Day 2, to be towards the end of September, 1402, this would give us an interval of some eight or nine months between Days 2 and 3; clearly an impossibly long break in the dramatic action. Even if we suppose the 'ninth of next month' to refer to the meeting at Bangor, Act III. sc. i., Day 4, we could not materially reduce this long interval; for according to the drama that meeting must be supposed to take place within three or four weeks, at the utmost, of Shrewsbury fight. We must, in fact, brush history aside, and content ourselves with the indefinite interval of three or four weeks which I have marked between Days 2 and 3.

Interval: some three or four weeks.

[Days 2*a* and 3*a*. Act II. sc. i. Inn yard at Rochester.

Act II. sc. ii. Gadshill. The robbery.

Act II. sc. iv. The Boar's Head, Eastcheap. Prince Hal, Falstaff, etc., at night and early morning.

Act III. sc. ii. At court.]

Day 3. Act II. sc. iii. Warkworth. Hotspur determines to set out to join the confederates at Bangor.

Interval: a week. Hotspur and Worcester both arrive at Bangor. During this interval Worcester must be supposed to steal away from court to join his friends at Bangor, where, in Day 4 (Act III. sc. i.), we next meet with him.

Day 4. Act III. sc. i. Bangor. The confederates make the final arrangements for their outbreak.

Interval: about a fortnight. From the news brought by Blunt — old news, as it appears — it is obvious that a considerable interval, including the *five days* mentioned by the King, must be supposed to separate Days 4 and 5; a fortnight perhaps may be deemed sufficient, dramatically, and I have accordingly set down that time.

Day 5. Act III. sc. ii. At court. Prince Hal has an interview with his father. News of the insurgents is received. This Day 5 is also a continuation of Day 3*a*, which commences in Act II. sc. iv.

In this scene the Prince Hal and Falstaff days merge into the main course of time: this Day 5 is the continuation of the bracketed Day 3*a*, which commenced in Act II. sc. iv.; it is therefore the morrow of Day 2*a*, itself the morrow of Day 1*a*, which opened in Act I. sc. ii., and all these scenes might be brought down in time and supposed to occur during the latter part of the interval marked between Days 4 and 5; but — and this obstacle is insurmountable — Falstaff, in Act II. sc. iv. l. 392, announces that 'Worcester is stolen away *to-night*,' *i.e.* the night of Days 2*a*–3*a* on which he is speaking; or if by *to-night* we are to understand the night last past — a sense in which *to-night* is very frequently used in these plays — then the night of Days 1*a*–2*a*; but it is obvious that Worcester had joined his friends in Wales some weeks before this Falstaffian night. . . . In fact, we have in this play two distinct streams of time, flowing side by side, meeting at last, though in their previous courses presenting irreconcilable elements: on the one hand months of time, on the other a couple of days.

Day 6. Act III. sc. iii. Eastcheap. Prince Hal informs Falstaff of his appointment to a charge of foot for the wars. The morrow of Day 5. The time of this scene must be supposed tolerably early in the morning of the morrow of Day 5, otherwise Bardolph would have some difficulty in delivering the letters to Prince

John and Westmoreland, who must, even at this time, have proceeded a day's journey on their march to Shrewsbury.

Interval: a week.

Day 7. Act IV. sc. i. Rebel camp near Shrewsbury. It is obvious from Vernon's news that several days at least must have elapsed since the London scenes, Act III. sc. ii. and iii. (Days 5 and 6). I have marked a week, which is perhaps sufficient dramatically.

Interval: a few days.

Day 8. Act IV. sc. ii. Near Coventry. Falstaff with his ragged regiment.

Day 9. Act IV. sc. iii. The rebel camp. Blunt comes with offers of peace from the King.

Act IV. sc. iv. York. The Archbishop prepares for the good or ill fortune of the morrow.

Day 10. Act. V. sc. i. to v. The battle of Shrewsbury.

The period of history represented by this Play ranges from the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, 22d June, 1402, to the battle of Shrewsbury, 21st July, 1403."

List of Characters in the Play

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

King: i. 1(75), 3(45); iii. 2(130); v. 1(47), 4(19), 5(25). Whole no. 341.

Prince Henry: i. 2(98); ii. 2(31), 4(256); iii. 2(44), 3(47); iv. 2(9); v. 1(29), 3(9), 4(78), 5(15). Whole no. 616.

Lancaster: v. 4(6), 5(2). Whole no. 8.

Westmoreland: i. 1(33); iv. 2(7); v. 4(1). Whole no. 41.

Blunt: i. 3(7); iii. 2(7); iv. 3(20); v. 3(7). Whole no. 41.

Worcester: i. 3(63); iii. 1(16); iv. 1(22), 3(4); v. 1(47), 2(34), 5(3). Whole no. 189.

Northumberland: i. 3(26). Whole no. 26.

Hotspur: i. 3(171); ii. 3(72); iii. 1(109); iv. 1(77), 3(73); v. 2(39), 3(9), 4(16). Whole no. 566.

Mortimer: iii. 1(60). Whole no. 60.
Archbishop: iv. 4(34). Whole no. 34.
Douglas: iv. 1(13), 3(4); v. 2(6), 3(15), 4(8). Whole no. 46.
Glendower: iii. 1(80). Whole no. 80.
Vernon: iv. 1(25), 3(20); v. 2(21). Whole no. 66.
Falstaff: i. 2(90); ii. 2(63), 4(248); iii. 3(127); iv. 2(67); v. 1(22), 3(27), 4(44). Whole no. 688.
Sir Michael: iv. 4(8). Whole no. 8.
Poins: i. 2(52); ii. 2(11), 4(24). Whole no. 87.
Gadshill: ii. 1(40), 2(3), 4(4). Whole no. 47.
Peto: ii. 2(1), 4(13). Whole no. 14.
Bardolph: ii. 2(3), 4(12); iii. 3(13); iv. 2(3). Whole no. 31.
1*st Carrier:* ii. 1(24), 4(1). Whole no. 25.
2*d Carrier:* ii. 1(20). Whole no. 20.
Ostler: ii. 1(1). Whole no. 1.
Chamberlain: ii. 1(21). Whole no. 21.
1*st Traveller:* ii. 2(6). Whole no. 6.
Servant: ii. 3(3). Whole no. 3.
Francis: ii. 4(18). Whole no. 18.
Vintner: ii. 4(5). Whole no. 5.
Sheriff: ii. 4(8). Whole no. 8.
1*st Messenger:* iv. 1(6); v. 2(1). Whole no. 7.
2*d Messenger:* v. 2(1). Whole no. 1.
Lady Percy: ii. 3(47); iii. 1(11). Whole no. 58.
Hostess: ii. 4(14); iii. 3(43). Whole no. 57.
Lady Mortimer speaks and sings in Welsh in iii. 1.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(108), 2(240), 3(302); ii. 1(106), 2(118), 3(120), 4(603); iii. 1(271), 2(180), 3(230); iv. 1(136), 2(86), 3(113), 4(41); v. 1(144), 2(101), 3(65), 4(172), 5(44). Whole number in the play, 3180.

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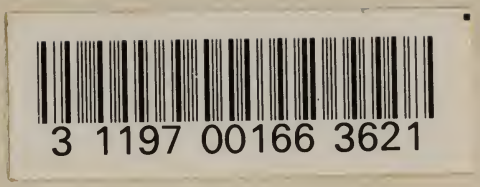
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